

P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions,

ORIGINAL and TRANSLATED.

By the late Reverend and Learned

John Adams, M. A.

Hæc placuit semel, hæc decies repetita placebit.

HOR. de Art. Poet.

B O S T O N :

Printed for D. GOOKIN, in *Marlborough-Street*, over
against the Old South Meeting House. 1745.

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By the Rev. John A. M. A.

M. A.

Printed by the Rev. John A. M. A.

A O R O M

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The PUBLISHER
TO THE
READER.

Candid Reader,



T is not with (so vain) an Imagination of recommending the following Productions, that I am troubling the Publick with this prefatory Address. That well-known Name in the Title Page, is sufficient, of it self, to invite us to the several Entertainments in this valuable Collection. The Author communicates a Lustre and Reputation to his own Compositions, and his Writings, like the several Planets in
our

To the READER.

our *Solar* System, unite in reflecting back to the Original, the Rays they have receiv'd from his genial Light and Influence.

Nor wou'd I be look'd upon as attempting the Author's Character, which is fix'd on a surer Basis, and shines in more lasting Colours than the Publisher cou'd possibly produce, with the utmost Stretch of Thought, and Force of Language. His own Works are the best Encomium that can be given him, and as long as Learning and Politeness shall prevail, his *Sermons* will be his *Monument*, and his *Poetry* his *Epitaph*.

But, according to what I at first intended, it seems but requisite to observe ; that most of the ensuing Pieces were compos'd as a Sort of pleasing Relaxation from severer Studies, and more abstracted Speculation. As such, they are now given to the Publick from his own Original Draughts ; without the additional Beauties and Polishings they would doubtless have received, if Heaven had continued him. But tho' they are here presented in their own native Dress and Furniture, the Reader will discover, at the first View, such

To the READER.

a Richness and Grandeur, such a divine Ardour and sacred Vehemence, as are the genuine Fruit and Aspirations, of a noble and devout Mind.

As the Volume consists, mostly, of divine Subjects, it will doubtless be grateful to the Vertuous, and as it is interspers'd with a vast Variety of Beauties, it cannot but be pleasing to the Ingenious. Here, will be a sufficient Play for the most extensive Genius, and here we shall find an Improvement for the brightest Imagination. While Fancy is mounted, and upon the Wing in her gayest Attire, the Judgment sits with the Reins, directing in a calm and compos'd Gravity, whilst a glowing Piety is urging her rapid and aspiring Progress, even to the very Heavens. Nature and Art seem to go Hand in Hand, and both are subservient to Vertue thro' the Whole of his Composures. Here is Musick for the Ear, Landskip for the Eye, and a rich Repast for the highest Understanding. Devotion it self, might improve by the Fervours of his Piety, and even Angels (I had almost said) might admire at his Sublimity.----But I must forbear, tho' with Reluctance ; and; according

To the READER.

ing to the earnest Sollicitations of some of his surviving Friends, shall conclude with an Extract from the *Boston Weekly News-Letter*, printed the Thursday after his Interrment, viz.

Cambridge, Jan. 25. 1740.

Last Wednesday Morning expir'd in this Place, in the 36th Year of his Age, and this Day was interr'd with a just Solemnity and Respect, the Reverend and Learned *John Adams*, M. A. and only Son of the Hon. *John Adams*, Esq;

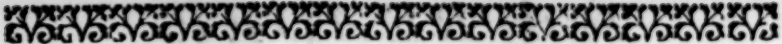
The Corps was carried and plac'd in the Centre of the College-Hall; from whence, after a Portion of HolyScripture, and aPrayer very suitable to the Occasion, by the learned HEAD of that Society, it was taken and deposited within Sight of the Place of his own Education. The Pall was supported by the Fellows of the College, the Professor of the Mathematicks, and another Master of Arts. And, next to a Number of sorrowful Relatives, the Remains of this great Man were followed by his Honour the *Lieutenant Governor*,

To the READER.

vernor, with some of his Majesty's Council, and Justices; who, with the Reverend the President, the Professor of Divinity, and several Gentlemen of Distinction from this and the neighbouring Towns; together with all the Members and Students of the College, compos'd the Train that attended in an orderly Procession, to the Place appointed for his mournful Interment.

The Character of this excellent Person, is too great to be compriz'd within the Limits of a Paper of Intelligence. It deserves to be engraven in Letters of Gold on a Monument of Marble, or rather to appear and shine forth from the Works of some Genius, of an uncommon Sublimity, and equal to his own. But sufficient to perpetuate his Memory to the latest Posterity, are the immortal Writings and Composures of this departed Gentleman; who, for his Genius, his Learning, and his Piety, ought to be enroll'd in the highest Class, in the Catalogue of FAME.





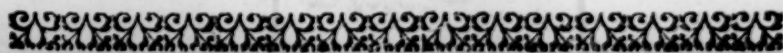
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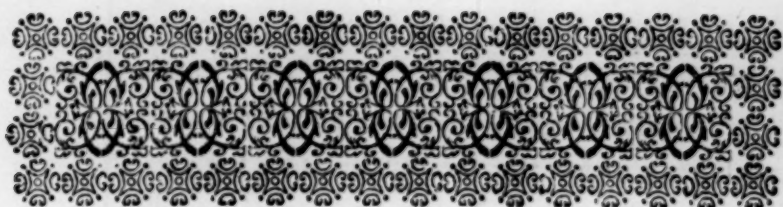
Ready for the Press, and upon suitable Encouragement will be shortly publish'd, A Number of select and excellent Sermons, on the following Subjects, *viz.*

- I. **T**HE Unknown God.
- II. The Prince of Life exalted.
- III. The Christian fighting for the Robes of Victory..
- IV. Poverty of Spirit, the Way to a Kingdom.
- V. The Bounds of christian Prudence, stated and adjusted.
- VI. The Nature, Causes, and Effects of Insincerity.
- VII. The Condescension of God in accepting our Charities.
- VIII. How to make Friends of the Mammon of Unrighteousness.
- IX. The Blind restor'd, and the Miserable reliev'd.
- X. Preparation for Death, the best Remedy against the Suddenness of it.

By the late Rev. *John Adams*, M. A.


Subscriptions are taken in by D. GOOKIN.





A N
A D D R E S S
T O T H E
Supreme B E I N G,

For his Assistance in my Poetical Compositions.

 O Thee, Great GOD! I lift my
humble Strains,
My Verse inspire; let Judgment hold
the Reins,
And curb my Fancy's fierce unruly Fire,
Which else would, wild, to boundless
Flights aspire.

May I not write too little, or too much,
But paint with Care, not with a hasty Touch.
May all my Thoughts be ever just than high,
And never let me rave when I should fly.

B

But

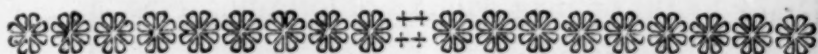
2 *An Address to the supreme BEING.*

But yet secure me from the low Extreme,
 Of writing meaner than becomes my Theme.
 Thro' all my Works, let Order clearly shine,
 And let me know the Reason of each Line.
 Give me to trace out Nature in each Thought,
 And let each Peice be to Perfection brought ;
 A Subject for my Genius fit to chuse,
 Not vainly light, nor yet prophanely loose,
 But innocent, at least, if not sublime,
 And let my Numbers smoothly flow in Rhyme.
 May each Production, writ with Strength and Ease,
 The Ear, the Judgment, and the Fancy please.
 But if my Soul, by a superiour Flame,
 Was never fir'd to merit lasting Fame,
 Awaken'd, let me see my fond Mistake,
 And with just Anger from my Folly break.
 Nor let me in the Poet loose the Priest,
 But know both what, and when to write is best :
 From wasting, to redeem my vacant Hours,
 And to refine the Roughness of my Powers.
 The brightest Ancients let me read and know,
 And let their Spirit in my Numbers flow ;
 And all the Moderns, who, by Thee inspir'd,
 Will be, as long as Nature lasts, admir'd :
 By nobler Patterns so to form my Lays,
 As from the thinking Few to merit Praise.


BUT most, Dear GOD, assist my tow'ring Lyre,
 To sound Thy Name upon its trembling Wire ;

Be

Be Thou the Subject of my lofty Verse,
 And, thine unbounded Work, the Universe :
 The streaming Purple, gushing from his Heart,
 Which made the *Saviour's* suffering Soul depart.
 Doubly immortal, then, shall be my Fame,
 Heav'n shall contain my Soul, and Earth my Name.



II. HALLELUJAH *attempted*,
In Imitation of the 148th PSALM.

ET all the Works of Heav'n's Eternal King
 Conspire his Praises in their Spheres to sing :
 Ye Heav'ns, his Praises thro' your Realms
 resound ;

And let all Nature catch the circling Sound.

THOU, flaming Inlet of Eternal Day,
 The Moon, who marks in Heav'n her silver Way ;
 And Stars, whose steady Beams the Shades display ;
 With Planets, winding in elliptick Spheres,
 And erring Comets, red with sweeping Hairs ;
 With glowing Meteors glittering thro' the Skies,
 In one united Voice and Chorus rise.
 Your living Lamps with endless Oil he feeds,
 Points all your Flames, and Revolutions leads ;
 He guilds the short-liv'd Gellies which ascend ;
 As Rockets in the Air their sudden Glories spend.

PRAISE GOD, you smooth Serene, and every Cloud
 Which does the vivid Face of *Phæbus* shrowd ;
 He streaks the Light upon your fleecy Folds,
 Or, black with Storms, in airy Chambers holds :
 Gives down the finer Drops of sifted Dews,
 Whose varied Honours ev'ry Morn renews ;
 Drank by the op'ning Mouths of spreading Flow'rs,
 And fair *Aurora* paints the pearly Show'rs.
 He pours the Sluices of suspended Rain,
 And drives the rapid Torrents on the Plain ;
 Or swells th' Aerial Vapours with a Storm,
 Which shade the Scene of Heav'n, and all the Sky deform :
 The sweeping Winds, drive furious o'er the Seas,
 Or sport with scatt'ring Boughs, or snap the bending
 Trees :

The Forest roars, and bows before the Sound,
 And the high-dashing Waves to Heav'n resound.

YE winding Rills, in Chrystal Mirrors rove,
 Murmur his Praises, and reflect each Grove :
 And you, the artless Chorus of the Sky,
 On painted Wings, on Wings of Musick fly :
 He form'd the Nightingale's melodious Throat,
 That on the vocal Forest pours each Note.

YE stately Groves, whose tow'ring Shades ascend,
 And every Green which trembles to the Wind,
 Be deck'd with Leaves, with ripen'd Treasures bend ;
 Let every Branch its verdant Honours bow
 To him, who stain'd your Leaves, and made your Fruit-
 age glow.

FLOURISH

FLOURISH ye Flow'rs, your painted Streaks unfold,
 Ye *Daffodils*, which drink the Noon-day Gold,
 Or *Violets* ting'd with a Celestial Blue,
 Or gaudy *Tulips* varied to the View ;
 Ye *Lillies*, fairer than the Flakes of Snow,
 And *Roses* blushing with *Aurora's* Glow ;
 Let every Honour of the Garden own,
 Who sunk their Dies, from whom their Beauties come.

LET ev'ry Fish which in the Ocean swims,
 Or gliding sparkles thro' the limpid Streams,
 From That, whose Shell contains the vivid Pearls,
 To vast Leviathan, who ponderous whirls
 The dashing Waves, and sprinkles all the Skies
 With the huge Streams that from his Nostrils rise ;
 Confess who guides their Wandrings thro' the Flood ;
 Who hung their Fins, and who appoints their Food.

LET Lions praise him, who thro' Forests rove,
 And all the Savage Horrors of the Grove ;
 Or tamer Troops, who open to the Sun,
 Feed o'er the Fields, and smooth the springing Lawn ;
 With ev'ry creeping Thing ; and Insects too,
 Whom Glasses only light up to the View.

BUT most, let Man, erect, and form'd to spy
 The pendent Scenes, and Blaze of all the Sky ;
 Let him, for he has Skill to trace the Ways
 Of Nature, and unwind the lengthy Maze ;

Let him to Nature's Consort tune his Lyre,
 And rank each Being in his proper Quire ;
 Then bear from World to World the winding Strains ;
 Strains, warbling to the Choir of Zion's Plains.



III. *The Perfection of Beauty.*

From Cant. 5. 9,---ult.

I.

NOT Mortals can my Passion move,
 N JESUS, the GOD, is him I love.
 In vain the dull Inconscious say,
 Why wastes your Flame on him away ?

But when I draw the lovely Fair,
 See how your Words will then appear.

II.

THE Spring of my sublime Delight
 Looks spotless with a snowy White ;
 An Emblem of his fairer Mind,
 In which no Stain a Room can find.

III.

A comely Red adorns his Face,
 More beauteous than the Morning Rays ;

The

The Blood which blush'd upon his Cheeks,
Wept for our Crimes in crimson Streaks :
So fair a Countenance excells
Whate'er below the Sun reveals.

IV.

HIS Hairs, which like a Raven black,
Fall easy flowing on his Back,
Diffuse a Veil upon that Head
Whose Thoughts the finest Gold exceed.

V.

THE rolling Circles of his Eyes
Like Stars appear within the Skies ;
No Milk so fair a White can show,
No Torrent can so Chrystal flow :
Those Eyes, which light the Sphere of Day,
And strike on ev'ry Saint a Ray.

VI.

SOME please themselves with Clouds of Spice,
Which from their fragrant Beds arise ;
Others delight in Garden Flow'rs,
All sprinkled round with pearly Show'rs ;
The Flowers before his Aspect fade,
The Spices blush upon their Bed :
So much exceeded by his Breath,
At once they wither into Death.

VII.

SUCH Streams his graceful Lips dispense
Of soft and moving Eloquence,
That every Ear 's in Silence hung,
Even Angels dwell upon his Tongue.

VIII.

HIS Hands and tapering Fingers show
More gay than Rings, where Jewels glow ;
Those Hands, which Nature's Sceptre weild,
By which the hanging World's upheld.

IX.

HIS Legs, like Marble Pillars, meet
The steady Sockets of his Feet ;
Those Pillars, which the Temple hold,
Inlaid with Glory's richest Gold.

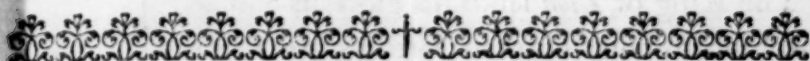
X.

HIS Body, wrapt in Robes of Light,
Beats fiercely glorious on the Sight ;
While, rising like a Cedar high,
His Head o'erlooks the boundless Sky.

XI.

JUDGE then, if what you said was true,
And place my Saviour to your View ;

See him with all Perfections crown'd,
And deck'd with dazling Graces round ;
Then, sure with me you'l fondly join,
And wish this Heav'n of Charms were thine.



IV, THE KING OF ZION.

Composed under Temptation.

✿✿✿ ESUS, my GOD, exalt my drooping Powers,
✿ J ✿ And shed upon my Soul thy gracious Showers ;
✿✿✿ Dart down the heavenly Beamings of thy
Light,

And chase away the Mists of hovering Night :

Which else will wrap in an eternal Shade

The glorious Lustre of thy dazzing Head.

O, Glorious DEITY ! Let Satan fly

The awful Glance of thine Omniscient Eye ;

Break all his Schemes, dash all his mad Designs,

And with perpetual Terror shake his Loins :

Let thine Eternal Justice flash it's Ire

Upon his blazing Soul, the Seat of Fire.

GREAT GOD, my Saviour, thy resistless Might

Can urge these Rebels to a trembling Flight ;

Can pour vindictive Fury on their Rear,

And make them feel the Vengeance which they fear.

Scatter,

Scatter, ye Devils, at his awful Nod,
 Revere the pow'rful Justice of your GOD.
 In vain, with hellish Rage, you madly strive
 My Soul from it's Eternal Base to heave ;
 The King of *Zion* lends his glorious Shield,
 By which your blunted Arrows are repell'd.
 Upon the Circle of the bending Skies
 He, sitting, all his furious Foes espies ;
 Thence, wing'd with flaming Fire, his Darts will throw
 Which in your conscious Hearts will ever glow.
 He, at whose Word, from Nothing, leap'd the World
 And to Confusion jarring Globes are hurl'd,
 Can speak Destruction to the shudd'ring Fiends,
 Who dare attempt the Ruin of his Friends.

COME JESUS, quickly, downward bow the Heavens
 And, rapid, let thy Chariot Wheels be driven :
 Come to my Aid, my tempted Soul relieve,
 And from devouring Snares thy Servant save ;
 Left, captive led, I wander from thy Love,
 And in a Mist of mazy Windings rove.
 Exalt my Faith, let humble Reason bow,
 And in a melted Stream let Passion flow :
 On thine Eternal *Godhead* fix my Eyes,
 And awe my Soul with heavenly Misteries.
 Spread o'er the Shade of thy defending Wings,
 While in the Vale of Grief my Spirit sings.
 Oh ! lead me where my Soul shall loose it's Fears,
 And from my misty Eye-balls wipe the Tears :

'Till then I wait ; uneasy 'till these Chains
I breaking loose, and give my Love it's Reins.

V. Dedicated to the Honour of CHRIST.

NOT human Things can bound my Lays,-
Wing'd with the great JEHOVAH's Praise :
JESUS the GOD, inspires my Song,
To JESUS all my Strains belong.

Had I an Angel's sounding Lyre,
Or could I feel a Seraph's Fire,
THEE, blest Redeemer, I would sing,
Of every Charm the boundless Spring.

WHEN from th' eternal Hills reveal'd,
The shading Flesh the GOD conceal'd,
Thy Life did ev'ry Vertue crown,
And with a circling Splendor shone :
Whose Rays, from blinded Pride retir'd,
Were by the simple Few admir'd.

All outward Pomp Thou did'st restrain,
And from behind Thee swept a Train
Of sinless Misery and Pain ;
'Till, sweltring on the hard'ned Ground,
Thy Flesh confess'd the Blood around ;
Which, straining out from every Pore,
Foretold the sad, the destin'd Shower.

BUT

BUT Oh! what high and boundless Love
 Upon the Cross with Torment strove,
 When from Thy wounded Hands and Side
 Gush'd swiftly out the purple Tide;
 Which downward flow'd upon Thy Limbs
 In vital, and in saving Streams!

WHO can restrain his tender Grief,
 And see the *Saviour* yield his Life,
 Red with the Crimson, and the Wrath
 Of Heav'n, conspiring to his Death?
 Forsaken by his trembling Friends,
 Besieg'd by Hosts of hellish Fiends;
 By one Disciple's Malice led
 To those for whom he quickly bled:
 And by another's Fears forsook,
 Who melted at his Master's Look,
 To see the sweltring *Saviour* die
 For those who would that Love deny;
 Whose rude Assaults and Shouts proclaim
 At once his Torments and their Shame.

SEE, Thorns too rudely tear that Head
 On which the Sins of Men were laid;
 The Nails which join'd his Feet and Hands
 Fast to the Cross, with Iron Bands;
 The Spear which push'd into his Side,
 Open'd a sudden Christal Tide:
 While mingling Purple did distain
 Those Limbs too dead to suffer Pain;

Or on the trembling Ground did shed,
To drink the sanguine Tears afraid.
Who can behold the Mob unite,
To shew their Rage, and gnash their Spight,
And wag their Heads in fierce Disdain,
When Pity should have wept his Pain?
Ah! lovely JESUS, did thy Fate
Attune the Smiles it did create?

THE thirsty *Saviour* asks the Flood,
But, all in Vinegar imbu'd,
A Sponge is to his Lips apply'd;
But he the acid Draught deny'd.
Some spit upon his beauteous Face,
Some bow the Knee, and ask his Grace;
The shivering Reed is on him broke,
(A cruel but forgiven Stroke.)
Some with the *Tyrian* Robe adorn,
A Regal Type, but now their Scorn.
Why will he bear their bold Demands?
Why sleep the Thunders in his Hands?
Nor wing'd with vengeful Fury fly,
Red with the Wrath of all the Sky,
And lighting on this impious Brood
His out their Flames within their Blood?
But ah! those Arms which Nails oppress,
Those Men, which urg'd the Nails, careſs;

Father

Father forgive, the *Saviour* cries ;
 Then with a Voice his Spirit flies,
 And next to GOD, asserts the Skies.

AH, he is dead ! See Mourners round
 With wringing Hands, bedew the Ground.
 The briny Torrents break their Bounds,
 And mingle with his recent Wounds.
 All Heav'n a sable Covering wears,
 The Eye of Heav'n is hid in Tears ;
 The Mountains from their Summits nod,
 And trembling Hills confess the GOD.
 Even Earth now to her Centre shakes,
 And all the tow'ring Temple quakes ;
 Its broken Veil, in Pieces rent,
 And rending Rocks their *Lord* lament.
 And why can harder *Jews* forbear
 To join their Dread to Nature's Fear ?
 See, rising from their Graves, the Dead
 Among the Living scatter Dread,
 Wound in the Livery of Death,
 The long-forgotten Spectres breathe !
 Why do the paly Dead appear ?
 Or are the Living dead with Fear ?
 Or does the Form of Nature, fled,
 Dissolve before its *Maker* dead ?
 'Tis well the dreadful Shades conceal
 Those Horrors Light would else reveal.

Sure all these sympathetic Groans
Proclaim th' expiring GOD attones.

HIS Limbs no longer peirc'd with Nails,
The Robe of Death his Body veils ;
And Spices ev'ry Pore perfume,
Prepar'd to save him in the Tomb.
The Mourners follow to his Grave,
And with their Tears his Bosom lave ;
Then from the cover'd Tomb retreat,
Their Hearts all sunk beneath the Weight.
Were all their nourish'd Hopes in vain,
Or will the *Saviour* rise again ?
Yes, he will rise ; hark, with a Groan
The trembling Earth upheaves the Stone ;
For see, the thick'ned Shades disperse,
And all reviv'd the Universe.
See ! Soldiers spread upon the Ground,
And lighten'd Angels blaze around,
Disrob'd of all his Grave-Attire,
His Soul his radiant Frame inspire,
And, like the Morning Sun, display,
His Blushes o'er the Fields of Day.

Now let the Lamps of Heav'n refine,
With clearer Beams of Glory shine ;
And not a Cloud obstruct the Eye,
But deeper Sapphire tinge the Sky.

Sub Blow all ye Trees, and spread ye Flow'rs,
Ye Spices breathe your od'rous Powers ;

Ye

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And not a Cloud obstruct the Eye,
But deeper Sapphire tinge the Sky.

Blow all ye Trees, and spread ye Flow'rs,
Ye Spices breathe your od'rous Powers ;

Ye

Ye verdant Lawns, bedeckt appear,
 And let new Graces dress the Year.
 Let all the Life of Nature join,
 And all the Pow'rs above combine,
 In all their different Charms to shine ;
 For JESUS, in a fairer Light,
 Has all triumphant struck the Sight :
 Confess'd or to the Hand or Eye,
 And shews the Wounds that made him die.

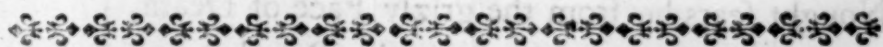
LET Heav'n descend in breathing Quires,
 And all the Skies confess their Fires :
 See ! where the winged Angels bear
 Thro' less'ning Worlds his fiery Carr ;
 Ting'd with the varied Dies of Light,
 (A blazing Meteor to the Sight)
 Eager, their mounting Lord to bear
 Thro' all the widening Tracts of Air.
 They come ; the GOD the Chariot fills,
 To gain the Height of Zion's Hills ;
 Th' obedient Clouds a Covering rise,
 And snatch him from their failing Eyes.

HIGH, now upon his orient Throne
 The Sov'reign of the Church is known ;
 And now his Wounds successful plead
 Th' attoning Tears they once have shed.
 Tho' circled with the sacred Quires,
 Our humble Cries can bend his Ears ;

And

And thousands, by his Blood made clean,
Shall in the Skies forget to sin.

ONCE more, dear JESUS, thou shalt cleave
The parting Skies ; the Summons give ;
The bowing Hills shall own thy Power,
And melting Rocks, unmov'd before ;
The frighted Valleys float in Fire,
And Seas all into Smoak expire ;
The ancient Mountains be unloos'd,
And all the Sky with Flames diffus'd.
The Dead shall leave th' uncertain Ground,
And leap to Life before the Sound :
Thy Glories, now confest to Light,
Shall either charm, or kill the Sight.
Then, Oh my JESUS, let me find
Thy Wounds my Rock, thy Sentence kind ;
And, blest with Thee, forever praise
The dearest Subject of these Lays.



VI. *Melancholly describ'd and dispell'd.*

USE, sing the Man, whose overclouded Head,
Is with a Mist of rising Shades o'er-spread ;
Whose Fancy, wild, a thousand Evils forms,
And shakes and shudders at imagin'd Storms :
Whose Mind in endless Whirls is toss'd around,
Whose quivering Feet scarce touch the solid Ground.

C

Look

Look deep into the Caverns of his Mind,
 And, there, ten thousand monstrous Shapes you'll find ;
 Gloomy as Night, and airy as the Wind.
 Deep drench'd in Melancholly's baleful Streams,
 Quick up his Brain ascend eternal Steams ;
 And his dull Life flows heavily in Dreams.

GIVE me the Man, whose easy cheerful Soul
 Can stand secure when heaving Billows roll ;
 Whose House, forever built upon a Rock,
 Can bear the furious Wind's tremendous Shock :
 Whose Faith, in JESUS' Sacrifice immur'd,
 Stands firm and everlastingly secur'd.
 While up to Heav'n he lifts his longing Eyes,
 He views fair Streaks of Glory paint the Skies ;
 He sees the Blush of everlasting Day
 Bear on his Soul, in Scenes forever gay :
 The warbling Seraphs, with their tuneful Strains
 Of heavenly Musick, charm away his Pains ;
 Nought fears he from the grizly Face of Death,
 Divinely pleas'd, he ebbs away his Breath.
 When all the Scenes of Life flow swift away,
 And his frail Body hastens to decay,
 Swift up the Skies his Wings the Saint convey.

BUT there, oh there ! what sacred Prospects rise,
 And spread a Heav'n of Glories o'er his Eyes !
 There JESUS, thou th' incarnate GOD dost sit,
 Confess'd in all thy God-like Robes of State ;

High o'er thy blazing Throne, thy beamy Light
Flashes with quick Succession on his Sight.

Thy Wounds no more in sanguine Riv'lets flow,
Thy Purple Stains shine whiter than the Snow ;
And from their Sources Beams of Glory grow.

Thy Eyes, which burn like Lamps of purest Fire,
Thy Eyes, which mildly shine with kind Desire,
With everlasting Smiles of Grace are fill'd ;

Grace, which the raging Pow'r of Satan quell'd ;
Which broke my Soul from all its servile Chains,
And fix'd my Feet on Zion's wid'ning Plains.

But, oh ! what big, what high transporting Joys,
Feels the blest Man amidst the vast Applause,
Of Angels shouting in a general Song ;

While mingling Musick breathes its Way along ?

ROUZE up, my Soul, let Heav'n thy Vigour raise,
Where JESUS Flames with everlasting Rays.

JESUS can all thy daring Foes repell,
And speak Confusion to the Pow'rs of Hell.

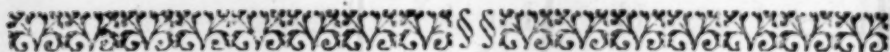
Thy feeble Loins with Strength renew'd can bind,
And make thy trembling Feet outstrip the Wind ;

Like the rent Cloud, can scatter wide thy Fears,
And bear away th' o'er-pressing Load of Cares :

Can lift a gracious Glance thro' Horrors Gloom,
And lighten Heaven into thy darkned Room.

Come JESUS, quickly come with smoaking Wheels,
And drag the conquer'd Devils at thy Heels ;

More rapid than the driving Blasts of Wind,
 Or, when inspir'd with Terror, springs the Hind.
 Ye louring Clouds, when will ye break away,
 And, on my darken'd Mind, let in the welcome Day ?
 He comes, He comes ; I see, I feel the God,
 See ! where his fiery Coursers scour the Road :
 Nor now I'll fear, tho' armed Hosts unite,
 And raging Devils push their eager Spight ;
 The Breath of CHRIST their harmless Fury blows,
 As Whirlwinds sport away the new-fall'n Snows.



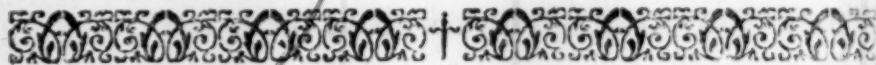
VII. *On* CONTENTMENT.

HAPPY the Man, who, in a Calm of Soul,
 Can all his warring Passions Waves controul :
 Who stands unmov'd, and hears the rustling
 Wind

Of Malice strive to shake his stedfast Mind ;
 From whose clear Breast full Satisfaction boils :
 While in his Cheeks rejoice the cheerful Smiles.
 In vain would Envy with her harpy Claws
 His Peace destroy, or prey upon his Joys.
 He feels, he feels perpetual Riv'lets run,
 Of Joys immortal, in his Breast begun :
 Looking to future Bliss, his ravish'd Eyes
 Behold the blushing Dawn of Glories rise.

He sees the Mansions ever clear and bright,
 The Fields all purpl'd with distinguish'd Light ;
 For these his panting Breast with Ardour heaves,
 For these the World in his Desires he leaves :
 The glittering Tinsel of its gaudy Shows,
 And Wealth which in a golden Current flows.
 The lofty Seats to which the Great aspire,
 And Pleasures which the madding Youth admire ;
 All wear no Charms in his discerning Eyes,
 Whose high Affection dwells above the Skies.
 In *Scythian* Realms, where hoary Winter reigns,
 And binds the running Streams with Icy Chains,
 A heavenly Fervour ever burns within,
 Warms his cool Thoughts, and gives him Peace unseen.
 If under *Phæbus*' piercing Beams he dwells,
 A cooling Spring of inward Ease he feels :
 No Riches swell to Vanity his Soul,
 Who knows the Fount from whence those Riches roll.
 No Want contracts the Largeness of his Thoughts,
 And nothing grieves him but his conscious Faults :
 He makes his GOD his everlasting Tow'r,
 And in his firm Munition stands secure.
 With Joy he views his teeming Prospects cross'd,
 While in his Sov'reign's Will his own is lost.
 He sees the Monster Death without Affright,
 His shady Scenes embroider'd o'er with Light.
 And when the final Trump shall wake the World,
 And every Limb is to its Body hurl'd ;

When down the bending Arches of the Skies
 Th' Almighty Judge shall strike the dazzled Eyes,
 His holy Soul shall, high-ascending, spring,
 To grace the Throne of his illustrious King :
 Then with him reach the radiant Courts above,
 The peaceful Regions of eternal Love ;
 Where their great Monarch, all the sacred Quires
 Shall join to praise, with ever-sounding Lyres.



VIII. *On Joy.*

JOY is a vigorous Flush of high Delight,
 A dancing Meteor in our glooming Night ;
 That guilds our Grievs, and makes our Life
 go down,

And, like a Blossom, fresh when newly blown :
 But soon its blooming Colours fade away ;
 Nor rip'ning Fruit will follow their Decay.
 I mean the Pleasures which the Senses please,
 Which give a Length of Pain for Flash of Ease ;
 To these the never-dying Worm succeeds,
 Which in the Filth of their Corruption breeds :
 For Men are eager to enjoy too much,
 And grasp the Satisfactions they should touch.
 They drink the luscious Honey down in Haste,
 And with excessive Sweetness cloy the Taste.

But then the secret Gall of Sin, conceal'd,
 Bitters the Tongue, and is in Death reveal'd.
 But Joys, which from an endless Fountain flow,
 Are only lasting, for they're only true :
 A conscious Innocence that gives a Right
 And Disposition to the World of Light.
 A Soul that's sprinkled with the sacred Blood
 That flow'd from *Jesus* in a purple Flood ;
 Whose pious Tears gush out in willing Streams,
 And then are dry'd by Mercy's warming Beams ;
 That Soul, with Joy's Redundance overflows ;
 A Joy, which is sincere, and ever grows.
 It sees its *God*, and, with a Flood of Light
 O'er-power'd, bewails the Weakness of its Sight ;
 His vast Eternity surrounds the Mind
 With an unfathom'd Ocean, unconfin'd.
 His Holiness, with its refining Rays,
 Purges the Thoughts, and lights a sacred Blaze :
 Justice and Truth, its endless Right secure
 Unto the beauteous Realms which e'er endure.
 And, rais'd with Hopes of Heav'n's eternal Love,
 Not all the Frowns of Fortune can him move ;
 Nor Death its self with all his Darts affright,
 Who views the grinning Monster with Delight.

BEAR me, my *God*, to Innocence' high Tow'r,
 And free me from Defilement's guilty Pow'r ;
 Secur'd by thy Protection then I'll sing,
 While Nature lasts, and Death shall Silence bring :

Then, mounting to thy high Eternal Seat,
My circling Joys shall Musick still create.



IX. *On SOCIETY.*

CANTO I.

WHAIL ! social Pleasure, thou supreme Delight !
THU The brightest Gem that guilds our Sorrow's
Night ;

Which guides us thro' the World's perplexing Maze,
And dissipates our Troubles with its Rays.

What Joys from thy refreshing Light descend,
And streak with Glory all the dark'ned Mind ?

Depriv'd of Thee, dull slide the heavy Hours,
And gath'ring Rust deforms th' inactive Pow'rs.

THE fairest Pattern of Society
Shines endless in the One mysterious THREE ;
Who with ineffable Delight receive
The boundless Pleasures which their Glories give.
But oh ! too lofty is the dazzling Theme,
Not mortal Words can paint their sacred Flame ;
Which hid in its Infinity of Light
Eludes the highest Reach of human Sight.
The Angels rev'rently this Love admire,
And with its Glory catch themselves on fire.
This, like the Sun, darts down perpetual Rays,
Whence lower Spirits draw their common Blaze.

'Tis GOD, unseen, the Frame of Nature ties,
And rolls the whirling Planets thro' the Skies ;
By him the Parts of all the Globe unite,
And Elements lay down their mutual Spite.

THE tall and amorous Trees, with folded Boughs,
Receive the Tempest, when its Fury blows ;
And when the Winds their sounding Terrors cease,
The Zephyrs ask their Pardon with a Kiss.

THE Ocean, dashing with a thundring Roar,
Loudly proclaims its Fondness for the Shore ;
While Torrents, borne with an impetuous Sway,
To neighbouring Rivers roll their winding Way ;
And with their silver Arms the Land embrace,
Which, pleas'd, with smiling Flowers, adorns its Face ;
In rush the Rivers with restless Force,
And pay their willing Tribute to the Source ;
Elate with Joy, the Waves are swiftly hurl'd,
To pour a general Deluge on the World ;
To grasp the Circle of the rolling Globe,
And veil its Honours with a liquid Robe :
The Billows with tumultuous Pleasure dance,
And to the Musick of the Winds advance :
But Heav'n has fixt an everlasting Bound,
To stop their swelling o'er the solid Ground.

NOR wants the Element of Fire a Flame
Of Passion, to embrace all Nature's Frame :
In thee, O *Phæbus* ! Love eternal lives,
Which with it's Heat the teaming Earth revives.

The grateful Spheres, enlight'ned by the Stars,
 Around their Centres drive their humble Cars ;
 And Suns, in Systems, bind the hanging Frames
 Of Worlds, which, Comets else, would rove in Flames.

ALL rising Bodies murmur with a Sound,
 But, wing'd with Love, fly rapid to the Ground.
 So from their Covert move the unwilling Steads,
 And champ their foamy Bits, and slowly tread,
 Which, home returning, mock the curbing Reins,
 And furious scour along the trembling Plains.
 Thus, like a vigorous Soul, Society
 Runs thro' the World, and makes its Parts agree.

BUT next the Brutes, by Nature's Laws embu'd,
 Are by the pleasing Power of Love subdu'd.
 See, how with bleating Sound, the woolly Breed,
 In Flocks, upon the spreading Pastures feed :
 With gamefome Innocence, the tender *Lambs*
 Leap o'er the Lawns, inquiring for their Dams.
 Nor ravening *Wolves* their fellow *Wolves* devour,
 But mangled *Sheep* confess their Hunger's Power.
 The *Lion*, with a fierce and rending Sound,
 Roars with the Dart of Love which gives his Wound.
 The flying Fish, distinct with spangled Scales,
 Avoid, in Shoals, the Fury of the *Whales* ;
 Or jointly to resist ; or overcome,
 Or rush into his op'ning Mouth, their Tomb ;
 The great, devouring : Others, love their Kind,
 Nor *Whales* encounter *Whales*, by Nature join'd.

The various Birds, with varied Feathers gay,
 In kindly Confort cut their yielding Way ;
 And when they press the Boughs with flutt'ring Wings,
 Their mingled Musick round the Forest rings :
 Even Insects join thro' leafy Realms to rove,
 Tho' small their Size, not so their mighty Love.

CANTO II.

***ND now, my Muse, to human Race asce
 A And in the Centre of all *Being* stand.
 *** The Angels view above, and Saints belo
 And see the Stream of Nature round thee flow.
 Mankind, alike (by Nature equal) tend
 In social Laws, and social Joys to blend ;
 Or manly Friendship, or the softer Ties
 Of sighing Lovers, or the Marriage Joys,
 With all the Bands of humane Life, derive
 From that Propension which our Passions give.

By whom shall *Hymen's* Pleasures be reveal'd ?
 Not brutal (and perhaps by Brutes excell'd)
 But clear, unstain'd with grosser Dregs of Lust,
 By Reason temper'd, and by Reason just :
 To have a faithful Bosom, where to pour
 Our soft Complaints, and ease the bursting Shower ;
 Or else our Joys imparting to increase,
 And to receive and give the circling Bliss.
 Our different Sorrows in one Channel flow,
 And on one Stock our Satisfaction grow.

Thus,

Thus, in the blooming Pride of Paradise,
Liv'd our first Sire, dissolv'd in amorous Bliss ;
Tho' perfect, when alone, unsatisfy'd
He ask'd, and then enjoy'd his beauteous Bride.

OH ! had their Souls unspotted still remain'd,
Like a pure Stream, with rising Ouze unstain'd ;
The poison'd Mixture ne'er to us had flow'd,
But the clear Current Heav'n's fair Image shew'd.
But now perpetual Jars, and endless Strife,
Are oft the Dow'ry of a wedded Wife.
Happy, when Temper cool and Reason clear,
When Passion fervent, and a Life sincere,
The Arts of living, and the pleasing Art
Conspire to root our Love within the Heart.

THE Parent, warm with Nature's tender Fire,
Does in the Child his Second-Self admire ;
The fondling Mother views the springing Charms
Of the young Infant smiling in her Arms :
And when imperfect Accents shew the Dawn
Of rising Reason, and the future Man ;
Sweetly she hears what fondly she returns,
And by this Fuel her Affection burns.
But when succeeding Years have fixt his Growth,
And Sense and Judgment crown the ripen'd Youth ;
A social Joy thence takes its happy Rise,
And Friendship adds its Force to Nature's Ties.

NOR shall the Love of Brethren be unsung,
Who on the same supporting Bosom hung ;
Where freely innocent, nor gay with Guilt,
Their Love is on a sure Foundation built :
Kind to assist, and faithful to reprove,
And clear to counsel, and unchang'd to love :
In various Lands, unquench'd, their Ardour lives,
And after Death their Memory survives.

BUT now, the Muse in softer Measures flows,
And gayer Scenes and fairer Landskips shews ;
The Reign of Fancy, when the sliding Hours
Are past with lovely Nymph in woven Bowers ;
Where cool Shades, and Lawns for ever green,
And Streams, and warbling Birds adorn the Scene :
Where Smiles, and Graces, and the wanton Train
Of *Cytherea*, crown the flowery Plain.

What can their Charms in equal Numbers tell ?

The Glow of Roses, and the Lilly pale ;

The waving Ringlets of their flowing Hair,

Their snowy Bosom, and their killing Air ;

Their sable Brows in beauteous Arches bent,

The Darts which from their vivid Eyes are sent,

And fixing in our easy-wounded Hearts,

Can never be remov'd by all our Arts ?

'Tis then with Love, and Love alone possess,

Reason has fled, and Passion claims our Breast.

How many Evils then will Fancy form ?

A Frown will gather, and discharge a Storm :

Her Smile more soft and cooling Breezes brings,

Then Zephyrs fanning with their silken Wings.

But

But tedious Absence is the Lover's Night,
 And then what cruel Shades oppress his Sight ?
 Lingring, the Moments tedious roll away,
 And Ages lengthen out the lonely Day.
 'Tis then our Fancy paints the Scenes of Love,
 And we in Fields of our Ideas rove :
 Ten thousand Times our former Joys repeat,
 To make them lasting as they once were great.
 The shady Picture mocks our Hopes with Air,
 Nor fill them with the Substance of the Fair.
 So when *Ixion* *Juno's* Beauties fir'd,
 He madly to celestial Charms aspir'd ;
 Nor first the Goddess his Desires repell'd,
 But outward Smiles her inward Rage conceal'd :
 She seem'd to grant his Pray'r ; a radiant Cloud
 The bright Divinity all yielding shew'd ;
 Upon the Wings of Love, inspir'd, he flew,
 And round the Phantom his Embraces threw ;
 In vain ; an empty Image mocks his Sight,
 And swims into the Shades of endless Night.

BUT Love, where Madness Reason does subdue,
 Even Angels, were they here, might well pursue.
 Lovely the Sex, and moving are their Charms,
 But why should Passion sink us to their Arms ?
 Why should the Female to a Goddess turn,
 And Flames of Love to Flames of Incense burn ?
 Either by Fancy fir'd, or fed by Lies,
 Be all Distraction, or all Artifice ?

True

True Love does Flattery as much disdain
 As, of its own Perfections, to be vain.
 The Heart can feel whate'er the Lips reveal,
 Nor *Siren's* Smiles the destin'd Death conceal.
 Love is a noble and a generous Fire,
 Esteem and Vertue feed the just Desire :
 Where Honour leads the Way it ever moves,
 And ne'er from Breast to Breast, inconstant, roves,
 Harbour'd by one, and only harbour'd there,
 It likes, but ne'er can love another Fair.
 Fix'd upon one Supreme, and her alone,
 Our Heart is, of the Fair, the constant Throne.
 Nor will her Absence, or her cold Neglect
 At once, expell her from our just Respect :
 Inflam'd by Vertue, Love will not expire
 Unless Contempt or Hatred quench the Fire.

CANTO III.

*** EXT, Friendship shall the Muse's Strains em-
 * N * ploy,

*** Whose Cause is manly, and correct whose
 Joy ;

Which, like the *Thracian* Lyre, suspends the Moans
 Of Grief, complaining in incessant Groans :

Whose Charms the Rudeness of the Passions quell,
 As *Orpheus* silenc'd all the Fiends of Hell.

Whether the Fair-ones are with Fair-ones join'd,
 Or manly Souls with manly Souls combin'd ;

Here

Here Reason rules with indisputed Sway,
 And makes the subject Appetites obey ;
 Its powerful Beams melt Softness all away :
 For Softness sinks the Vigour of the Mind,
 As Edges loose their Force the more refin'd.

By Inclination, and by Judgment led,
 A constant Friend we chuse, for Friendship made :
 His Breast the faithful Cabinet to hold
 More precious Secrets, than are Gems or Gold.
 His Temper sweetly suited to our own,
 Where Wit and Honesty conspire in one,
 And perfect Breeding, like a beauteous Dress,
 Give all his Actions a peculiar Grace :
 Whose lofty Mind with high Productions Teams,
 And Fame immortal dazles with its Beams.
 Nor Avarice, nor odious Flattery
 Lodge in his Breast, nor can ascend so high ;
 Or if they dare to tempt, he hurls them down,
 Like *Jove* the Rebels, from his Reason's Throne.
 Nor is his Face in Anger's Scarlet dress'd,
 Nor black Revenge eats up his canker'd Breast.
 Nor Envy's Furies in his Bosom roll,
 To lash with steely Whips, his hideous Soul :
 Nor sour Contempt sits on his scornful Brow,
 Nor looks on human Nature sunk below ;
 But heavenly Candour, like un sullied Day,
 Flames in his Thoughts, and drives the Clouds away.
 And all his Soul is peaceful, like the Deep,
 When all the warring Winds are hush'd asleep.

Whose

Whose Learning's pure, without the base Alloy
 Of rough Ill-manners, or worse Pedantry.
 Refin'd in Taste, in Judgment cool and clear,
 To others gentle, to himself severe.
 But most of all, whose smooth and heavenly Breast
 Is with a Calm of Conscience ever blest :
 Whose peircing Eyes disperse the flying Gloom,
 Which hides the native Light of Things to come ;
 And can disclose the dark mysterious Maze,
 Thro' which we wind, in airy Pleasure's Chace.
 While after GOD his panting Bosom heaves,
 For whom the glittering Goods of Life he leaves.
 With this blest Man, how longs my Soul to dwell ?
 And all the nobler Flights of Friendship feel,
 Forever chain'd to his enchanting Tongue,
 And with his charming Strains in Consort strung.

IN some Retirement, spread with shaded Greens,
 Our Feet would wander thro' surrounding Scenes ;
 Or sitting near the Murmur of the Rills,
 The Grass our Bed, our Curtains echoing Hills ;
 In mazy Thought and Contemplation join,
 Or speak of human Things, or Themes divine :
 On Nature's Work by gentle Steps to rise,
 And by this Ladder gain th' impending Skies ;
 Follow the Planets thro' their rolling Spheres,
 Shine with the Sun, or glow among the Stars :
 From World to World, as Bees from Flow'r to Flow'r,
 Thro' Nature's ample Garden take our Tour.

D

Oh,

Oh, could I with a Seraph's Vigour move !
 Guided thro' Nature's trackless Paths to rove,
 I'd gaze, and ask the Laws of every Ball,
 Which rolls unseen within this mighty *Ail*.
 'Till, reaching to the Verge of Nature's Height
 In GOD wou'd loose th' unwearied Length of Flight.

NEXT on the World we'd turn our anxious Tho'ts,
 Admire their Vertues, but detest their Faults :
 And see Mankind in mazy Errors run,
 In search of glaring Lights which soon are done,
 Not guided by the World's eternal Sun ;
 But just like Comets, wand'ring from their Spheres,
 Which scatter from their Globes contagious Fires,
 And sweep the frighted Skies with flaming Hairs :
 So these, not in the Orb of Virtue move,
 But thro' the Wilds of Vice eccentrick rove ;
 'Till, bearing near the glowing Wrath of Heaven,
 They burn, by Storms of Guilt eternal driven.
 Wond'ring, we'd lift to Heaven our pious Prayers,
 While from our Eye-balls burst the humble Tears,
 That we, by his Omnipotence preserv'd,
 Have not to dire Destruction erring swerv'd.
 Then, deeply mov'd, we'd view, with streaming Eyes,
 The Stain of Sin which all the Species dies ;
 The horrid Vault which flames with Seas of Fire,
 And fiercely boils with Heav'n's eternal Ire ;
 Where pale Despair it's ghastly Triumphs spreads,
 And Grief it's Tears in fruitless Rivers sheds :

Where

Where endless Rage in fiery Transports reigns,
And strives to break it's adamantine Chains
In vain ; forever fix'd, it roars, it raves,
And with loud Blasphemies th' *Eternal* braves.

ts, } THEN Thee, O JESUS ! we with Hymns resound,
And in thy Love's unbounded Depths are drown'd ;
That Love, which pour'd the Purple from thy Side,
And from thy Hands and Feet a willing Tide ;
Those Hands and Feet, which, borne upon the Cross,
Were torn with wid'ning Wounds, and weep and heal
our Loss.

} NEXT we behold th' eternal *Father* bright,
Surrounded with a Robe of blazy Light ;
Veil'd in his Essence, from our Weakness veil'd,
But all the GOD on all the *Son* reveal'd :
Th' incarnate GOD, whose Wounds forever pour,
Instead of purple Stains, a beamy Show'r.
But oh ! What Glories, mingling in a Blaze,
Are shot from all the Saint's entwisted Rays ?
Which burn from Breast to Breast, from Eye to Eye,
While *Jesus* darts himself thro' all the Sky.
yes, See golden Crowns, emboss'd with varied Gems,
Before the *Son* cast down their paler Beams ;
Strow'd at his Feet, the weighty Glories lay,
Which all the prostrate Myriads cast away.
But hear, O ! hear, where, circling into Choirs,
The Angels wake aloud their warb'ling Wires ;


Or tender Trills, or ever-gliding Strains,
 Or Sounds sublime suspend the lift'ning Plains.
 Th' harmonious Consort, varied thro' the Skies,
 Wing'd with the Breath of softer Ether flies ;
 Even Heav'n, inspiring Heav'n, bends down it's Ears,
 And but one Organ all the Sky appears.

BUT oh ! what Joys thro' various Bosoms rove,
 As Silver Riv'lets warble thro' a Grove,
 When fix'd on Zion's ever-wid'ning Plains,
 The Force of Friendship but increas'd remains :
 When Friend to Friend, in Robes immortal dress'd,
 With heighten'd Graces shall be seen confest ;
 And with a Triumph, all divine, relate
 The finish'd Labours of this gloomy State :
 How heavenly Glory dries their former Grief,
 All op'ning from the puzzled Maze of Life ;
 How Scenes on Scenes, and Joys on Joys arise,
 And fairer Visions charm on keener Eyes.
 Here each will find his Friend a bubbling Source,
 Forever fruitful in divine Discourse :
 No common Themes will grace their flowing Tongues,
 No common Subjects will inspire their Songs :
 United, ne'er to part, but still to spend
 A *Jubilee* of Rapture without End.---
 ---But oh ! my Muse, from this amazing Height
 Descend, and downward trace thy dangerous Flight ;
 Some Angel best becomes such lofty Things,
 With Skill to guide, and Strength to urge his Wings : And

To lower Strains, confine thy humble Lays,
'Till, by Experience taught, thou learn to praise.



X. *The Song of* DEBORAH *and* BARAK,
Paraphras'd.

 PRAISE *Jehovah*, whose resistless Might
Reveng'd his People in the bloody Fight,
To which the *Israelites* with Vigour sprung,
And their arch'd Bows with willing Swift-
ness strung.

Ye mighty Monarchs of the subject Earth !
And Princes, who from Kings derive your Birth,
My martial Song with silent Awe attend,
While in his Praise its cheerful Notes ascend.

WHEN Thou, OLORD, in dreadful Pomp array'd, }
Wert from *Mount-Seir* in blazing Light display'd, }
Nor *Edom's* Field thy marching Footsteps stay'd ; }
The Earth, appall'd, shook at the amazing Sight,
The dropping Skies with flaming Streams were bright :
The fullen Clouds, gushing impetuous, showr'd,
And on the Earth a rainy Deluge pour'd.
From the fierce Flames, which in thy Nostrils glow'd,
Th' Eternal Hills in melted Torrents flow'd ;
Even *Sina's* lofty Mountain felt the GOD,
And fear'd to sink into a fiery Flood.

WHEN *Shamgar*, *Anath's* mighty Off-spring, shone
 At *Israel's* Head, in Days to *Jael* known,
 The Common Ways were lost, with Grass o'er-spread,
 Nor in the beaten Paths the Travellers tread ;
 But thro' wild Forests trace their mazy Way,
 Thro' Fields unknown their wandering Footsteps stray :
 Th' inactive Myriads lay in Sloth dissolv'd,
 While flying Time its fleeting Hours revolv'd.
 War's greedy Teeth devour'd each wasting Town,
 Nor in their lonesome Streets was Business known.
 Then, mov'd with soft Concern, I *Deborah* rose,
 And like a Mother mourn'd my Nation's Woes :
 Prone to Idolatry, all *Israel* run
 To every foreign god, and left their own ;
 Incens'd, GOD's sacred Eyes beheld the Sin,
 And thunder'd at their Gates War's hideous Din.
 The frighted Multitude no Weapon wield,
 Nor forty thousand Men command a Shield.
 But oh ! the Flames which burn my tender Soul
 For the brave Rulers, who their Fears controul ;
 And rushing forward, with a rapid Bound,
 Diffus'd a vig'rous Ardour all around !
 Elate with Joy, impetuous Fury springs
 Thro' all their Veins, and gives their Courage Wings.

You awful Chiefs, who ride in decent State,
 And Milk-white Asses proudly bear your Weight,
 At whose Tribunals guilty Rebels lour,
 When spotless Justice treads the circling Tour :

And you, unhurt by Arrows gleemy Steel,
Where murmuring Streams in mingled Currents swell;
Your joyful Lips to praise JEHOVAH join,
For Deeds in which unnumber'd Wonders shine:
Who, righteous in his Wrath, the Army slew
Which round your Towns its dire Battalions drew.
No more encompass'd with a dreadful Wall
Of Foes, the Gates a Passage leave for all.

AWAKE to loftier Strains, oh, *Deborah* wake!
Let o'er the Harp thy flying Fingers quake;
First in my Song immortal *Barak* rise,
Join'd to *Abinoam* by filial Ties;
Marching triumphant with majestic Pace,
Let Captive Tribes thy long Procession grace.
Nor shall the blushing Muse my Worth conceal,
But to the World a Female's Pow'r reveal,
Who o'er the mighty Nobles of the Land,
By Heav'n allow'd, extended my Command:
Drest up in shining Steel gay *Deborah* stood,
While willing Tribes came pouring like a Flood.

FIRST *Ephraim's* Tribe, fir'd with revengeful Spite,
Rush'd furious on with *Amalek* to fight;
Nor could their haughty Stomachs brook the Rage
Which burnt their Towns, and murder'd ev'ry Age.
The Race of *Benjamin* increase the Field,
And Quivers bring with glittering Arrows fill'd;
To these succeed, who, skill'd in State Intreagues,
From *Machir* flow, and join the solemn Leagues:

Nor was thy Tribe, O *Zebulon*, the last,
 Which swell'd the Squadrons with intripid Haste :
 Whose happy Glebes the searching Sages fill,
 To touch the Pen, blest with Celestial Skill.
 Next Thee, fair *Iffachar*'s illustrious Swains
 Pursuing went, and scour'd the martial Plains ;
 These *Barak* thro' the smiling Valleys leads,
 Where Silver Currents mark the painted Meads.

BUT *Reuben*, with domestic Furies torn,
 Their Aid deny, nor to the Combat burn.
 Bursting with Grief we hear the tragic News,
 Adown our Cheeks distill the weeping Dews ;
 We search the guilty Secrets of our Mind,
 And there the Cause of fell Divisions find.

WHY did thy Tribe, inglorious *Reuben*, cleave
 To your dull Seats, and conquering *Israel* leave ?
 Lulling their Senses in the Arms of Sleep,
 By the soft Musick of the bleating Sheep :
 Or, near the Edges of the shady Hills
 Supinely lay ; and heard the running Rills.
 Nor could the piercing Trumpet's loud Alarms
 Wake up their Vigour, or unbind their Charms.
 On Thee, eternal Infamy shall wait,
 As long as tender Ewes in Meadows bleat.
 Nor dark Oblivion shades the dire Disgrace
 Of *Gilead*'s Name, whom homeward Seats embrace ;
 Beyond where *Jordan* runs its rapid Race.

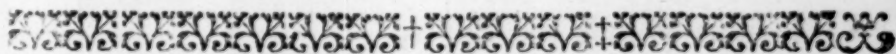
On Thee, O *Dan*, let lasting Shame be fixt,
Whom Ships contain'd while warring Squadrons mixt ;
Nor lives unfullied by the People's Breath
Asher, who in Sea-Towns avoided Death.
But *Zebulon*, with bloody Laurels crown'd,
And *Naphtali*, Fame's Trump shall ever sound :
Who, fearless of their Fate, resistless hurl'd
Perpetual Deaths, and fill'd th' infernal World.
Those, whose warm Veins fierce-boiling Torrents bound,
To stain with hostile Gore the glutted Ground ;
In the high Hills their lavish Lives to dare,
And charge the thickest Terrors of the War.

AND now the Kings of *Canaan* bend their Force,
Where *Kishon* thro' *Megiddo* sweeps its Course ;
In vain their March, in vain their eager Speed,
To the dark silent Regions of the Dead,
On them swift Show'rs of Wrath divine descend,
And all the Stars their baleful Influence blend.
A ruddy Light glar'd thro' the horrid Gloom,
And roaring Thunder shook the airy Dome.
Down rush'd the Waters with destructive Sway,
Swell'd *Kishon's* Brook, and mingled Earth and Sea :
And now the whelming Billows cloath'd the Plain,
And swept the Army to the distant Main.


OH ! thou my Soul, stretch thy triumphant Wings,
For on an Host thy Strength Destruction brings ;
While

While prancing Steads their trembling Terrors speak,
And on the Ground their horny Honours break.
But oh, what Curses make their humble Moan
On *Meroz's* guilty Head swift to be thrown,
Who left the Army of the mighty God
While in his Tent his fearful Feet abode ?
Above her Sex let *Jael* lift her Head,
Her deathless Fame with fragrant Sweets bespread,
To her the vanquish'd *Sisera* retir'd,
And ask'd the Stream with thirsty Ferments fir'd.
Of Milk she brought him, full, a lordly Bowl,
He swill'd the Draught, and satisfy'd his Soul.
And now embrac'd within the Arms of Sleep,
To him her softly-moving Footsteps creep ;
In her Left Hand a murdering Nail she took,
And in her Right a Hammer for the Stroke :
Like Zephyrs Breeze she gently drew her Breath,
Then thro' his Temples drove the Iron Death ;
The frighted Soul rush'd to the narrow Wound,
While the pale Corps lay trembling on the Ground.
Then with a Blow she sever'd soon his Head,
And o'er the Tent a sanguine River spread ;
Th' astonish'd Chief bow'd suppliant at her Feet,
Downward he fell, and prostrate lay his Weight :
Down where he fell, his Bulk gigantick lay,
Then fetch'd a Groan, and sigh'd his Soul away.

NOT so the Mother, she impatient flies,
While thro' the Lattice look her longing Eyes,
And with a shrill Report she restless cries;
Ah! why my Son the ling'ring Carr conceals,
Nor o'er the Valley smoak his rapid Wheels?
To this her wife attending Maids reply'd,
Nor she the Justice of their Words deny'd;
Sure, prostrate Foes, exulting they behold,
And gaudy Spoils with shining Heaps of Gold:
The blooming Maids, flush't with a modest Grace,
Captive they lead to crown their fond Embrace;
And broider'd Garments, wrought with varied Dies
By the fine Simptress, glorious to the Eyes,
Shall round thy Son's gay Neck incircling twine,
And o'er his beauteous Body dazling shine.
But vain, ah vain! the tender Mother's Care,
Sunk are his Eyes, his Breath dispers'd in Air!
And may the same Perdition ever light
Upon their Heads, who Heav'n presume to fight;
While those, whose Breasts seraphic Flames inspire,
Shall, like the Sun, shoot forth perpetual Fire.



PSALM I. *translated.*

 OR ever blest the Man who flies
The Haunts of wicked Men,
Nor stands within their impious Ways,
A Partner of their Sin.

Who

Who shuns their vile contagious Seat,
 Where Men, with Jests profane,
 Deride Religion's sacred Power,
 And strive her Charms to stain.

II.

But from the Fountain of the Laws
 He drinks with full Delight,
 While musing on its blameless Rules
 He spends the Day and Night.
 As by forever-flowing Rills
 Which murmur from their Springs,
 The nourish'd Tree distends her Boughs,
 And golden Fruitage brings.

III.

Perpetual Green shall paint its Leaves,
 With never-fading Bloom,
 And ev'ry Project with Success
 Shall to his Bosom come.
 Not so the Wicked, they like Chaff
 Of furious Winds the Sport,
 Shall God's resistless Anger drive,
 From his Celestial Court.

IV.

When God shall kindle Flames around
 To burn a guilty World,

Before the fiery Blast they'l fly,
 With rapid Vengeance hurl'd.
 While pleas'd, the Righteous, GOD will hold
 Above the melting Frame ;
 When Sinners, fading from his Sight,
 Shall feed an endless Flame.



XII. PSALM 24th. *translated.*

O Thee, O GOD, all Nature owes its Birth,
 With ev'ry Form which varies thro' the Earth
 Thy Hand has spread the Sapphyr of the Sky,
 Whence living Glories scatter on the Eye ;
 And roll'd, and rounded every circling Ball,
 Which winds unwearied thro' this ample All.
 For different Worlds their different Species form'd,
 And wise Inhabitants with Reason warm'd :
 Who might return the Tribute of that Praise
 Which Nature does demand from all her Ways.

THIS Earth is with a verdant Mantle spread,
 For countless Animals the Food and Bed.
 A Waste of Fruits upon its Surface grows,
 And, with a Fullness fed, it over-flows ;
 Here dwells the Lord of this inferiour Scene,
 Who wings his tow'ring Thoughts to Worlds unseen.
 And from th' ambitious Vigour of his Mind
 Disdains within this Globe to be confin'd.

Increas'd,

Increas'd, the numerous Race is spread abroad
But the long Order drew its Length from GOD :
Upon the limpid Flood his Word suspends.
The Bulk above the Sea, which high ascends.
There shall it stand, and foreign Forces mock,
And only fall to Nature's general Shock.

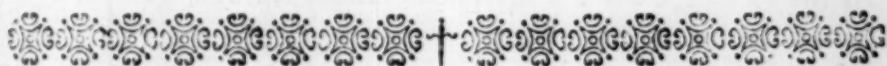
WHO, form'd above this fading World to rise,
Shall end his glorious Flight within the Skies ?
The Man whose Heart is wash'd from ev'ry Spot,
Nor can his Hands display a guilty Blot ;
Nor all the Pomp of Pride, nor gay Attire,
Which glisters on the Great his Bosom fire.
To God his Thoughts with stedfast Ardour move,
Nor can fantastick Joys attract his Love ;
But artful Malice with its Train of Lies,
And hideous Perjury with Horror flies.
Within his Lap shall crowding Blessings heap,
And he in Zion's Fields a plenteous Harvest reap.
Unstain'd with Sin, with snowy Garments on,
The holy Man shall wait before his Throne ;
No common Mold, but sifted from Mankind,
To fairer Forms the Lump shall be refin'd,
Whom God shall to superiour Transports raise ;
His Spirit warm'd with Prayer, and wing'd with Praise.

YE glittering Gates, exalt your tow'ring Heads,
And wide your everlasting Folds be spread ;
For sparkling in their Robes, th' eternal KING
The crowding Angels to his Palace bring !

Who

Who is this KING, with circling Seraphs crown'd,
 Whose Presence lightens all the Realms around ?
 'Tis He, who marshalls thro' the Fields of Light
 The vivid Hosts that deck the Shades of Night :
 And fainting Armies own his matchless Might.
 Ye parting Gates ! with blazy Jewels gay,
 Display the Purple of eternal Day ;
 For now with his majestic Glories on,
 The KING of Heav'n asserts his radiant Throne :
 The Angels draw along His matchless Train,
 And all the Chorus warbles on the Plain.
 Who is this *Monarch*, rob'd in awful State,
 Around whose Chariot shining Myriads wait ?
 The GOD, to whom the vanquish'd Armies bow,
 The living *Source* whence all Productions flow.

}



PSALM 104th *translated.*

BLESS thou the LORD, *my Soul*, with Rapture
 sing,
 In sacred Anthems, Heav'n's Eternal KING :
 Who in a glorious Robe of Honour drest,
 Sits in majestic awful State confest ;
 And of the radiant Beams of endless Light,
 A Garment wears of blazing Glory bright :
 Whose outward Skirt, ting'd with Celestial Blew,
 O'er his fierce Brightness like a Curtain drew ;

Left,

Left, from His dazzling Glory, rushing Rays
 Of streaming Lustre should our Sight amaze :
 Who of His heav'nly Chambers lays the Beams
 Where all the Rivers urge their confluent Streams ;
 Thence Vapours mounting to the middle Air,
 In Clouds condens'd, form His triumphal Car ;
 And Winds on their swift Wings His Footsteps bear. }

PLAC'D on a lofty Throne, around him stand,
 Unnumber'd Angels for His high Command.
 Whose Spirits, from His forming Breath inspir'd,
 Are with a thousand Flames of Rapture fir'd.

HE spoke th' Almighty WORD, and from the Womb
 Of Nothing, sprang the Earth's stupendous Dome :
 Forever fix'd, its firm Foundation laid,
 On his strong Pow'r's unshaken Basis staid.

AT first the Sea above the Earth advanc'd,
 And o'er th' aspiring Hills its Billows danc'd ;
 'Till at His Voice the liquid Garment fled,
 Aw'd by his Thunder to its ample Bed.
 From thence, thro' secret mazy Channels, glide
 It's weeping Riv'lets to the Mountains Side ;
 Whose lofty Tops with gentle Steps they gain,
 Then downward rush impetuous to the Main,
 And with their wat'ry Stores refresh the Plain.
 In vain with foaming Rage the Ocean roars,
 And beats its angry Waves against the Shores ;

In vain its threatning Billows casts on high,
 And with a tow'ring Pride invades the Sky ;
 In adamantine Chains forever bound
 By Heav'n's Decree to sink below the Ground,
 The living Springs, dispers'd in num'rous Rills,
 Thro' Vallies glide, and glad the neighbouring Hills ;
 Where all the Brutes drink in the crystal Waves,
 And the wild Ass his fiery Palate laves :
 Near these the winged Chorus of the Sky,
 On blooming Boughs their warbling Accents try.

THE glutt'd Clouds descend in weeping Showers,
 Which, from its Height, Heav'n's lofty Chamber pours,
 The thirsty Soil receives th' enriching Streams,
 And with a num'rous Race, prolific, teams.
 Thence springs the spiry Grass, the Brute's repast,
 And wholesome Herbs, design'd for human Taste ;
 And Earth's in all Her fruitful Glory drest.

THE purple Juice, prest from the loaded Vines,
 With sprightly Joys our drooping Souls refines.
 With Oil's smooth Surface Men their Faces spread,
 And Life continu'd stands sustain'd by Bread.
 With vital Nourishment the Trees supply'd,
 Amidst the Clouds conceal their haughty Pride.
 Proud *Lebanon*, the Honours of thy Grove
 Are His, who downward bids thy Roots to rove.
 Your waving Tops which shoot to Heav'n their Height,
 Delight the Birds, who wing their rapid Flight,

E

There

There build their Nests, form'd with a wond'rous Skill,
 From Storms secure, and ev'ry threat'ning Ill.
 For Storks the tow'ring Firs a House provide,
 Whilst on the Hills the bearded Goats reside,
 And rocky Holes the trembling Conies hide.

THE pale-fac'd Moon sheds forth her silver Rays,
 And marks the Seasons in her monthly Ways.
 While, with a rapid Swiftnefs, rushing down,
 The Sun proclaims his daily Progress run.
 'The sable Arms of Night the World embrace,
 And o'er the Forests roam the savage Race.
 The fierce young Lions, with an hideous Roar,
 Speak their dire Hunger, and their Prey explore.
 To GOD their Wants with moving Rhet'ric cry,
 He hears their Voice, and sends a full Supply.
 But when Heav'ns Chariot o'er the Mountains springs,
 And to th' enlightned World its Lustre brings,
 Then to their gloomy Caves they quick retire,
 And in the tender Arms of Sleep expire.
 With constant Vigour all Mankind is blest,
 At Morn their Toil begins, at Evening Rest.

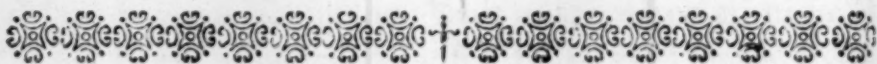
LORD, in thy Works what endless Beauties shine ?
 What vast mysterious Depths of Art divine.
 The Earth thy Bounty in rich Show'rs relieves,
 'Till with the Load her swelling Bosom heaves.
 Nor on the Land its partial Gifts descend,
 But to the great unmeasur'd Sea extend :
 Where in the liquid Paths the Fishes swim,
 Its Deeps descend, or o'er its Surface skim.

Both

Both great and small thro' cyrstal Mazes stray,
 While to the Great, the Small are left a Prey.
 There fly the swift-wing'd Ships, and brush the Waves,
 O'er Billows leap, and distant Harbours seize.
 'Till blest with foreign Spoils, their rapid Way
 They Homeward urge, and burthen'd Wombs unlay.
 Here plays the vast *Leviathan*, the Pride
 Of all the Waters; and commands the Tide:
 From whose wide Nostrils fiery Sparkles fly,
 And spouted Floods advance against the Sky.
 Him trembling see the small inferiour Crew
 And in the Ocean wander from his View.
 GOD's awful Nod these nimble Subjects wait,
 And in its Season take their constant Meat.
 With eager Haste they gather what he gives;
 His opening Hand with Good supports their Lives.
 If Clouds the Lustre of His Face conceal,
 The dying Beasts in Groans their Anguish tell:
 Their tott'ring Limbs deserted by their Prop,
 Into their Dust with quick Confusion drop.
 Thy SPIRIT with His quick'ning WORD renews,
 The quicken'd Earth, and with new Form endues.

THY Name, O GOD, eternal Hymns shall raise,
 And every Creature join the cheerful Lays.
 Thy Self too, joyful, when Thy ravish'd Eyes
 Behold Thy Works in all their Beauty rise.
 But when rebellious Men Thy Pow'r disown,
 Incens'd Thy Wrath, Thy Thunder hastens down.
 Thy awful Frowns the frightned Worlds revere,
 And blazing Hills their smoaky Volumes rear.

JOYFUL, my GOD, my pious Song I'll raise,
 Whilst vital Spirits dance their circling Maze.
 To Thee I'll sing, 'till to the Realms of Light
 My Soul with winged Speed directs her Flight.
 There shall my Raptures no Defection know,
 But to Duration's endless Ages glow.
 Mean Time my GOD shall every Thought employ,
 My Sorrow sweeten, and inspire my Joy.
 Whilst on the Wicked His Almighty Ire
 Shall rain a Deluge of consuming Fire ;
 My Soul, the LORD with in-moſt Ardour bleſs,
 And let all Worlds their grateful Songs expreſs !



XIV. LAMENTATIONS 2d Chapter,
translated.

OW has the LORD, with Anger juſtly fir'd,
 Broke out in Flames of Wrath to be admir'd,
 And, vailing Zion with a gloomy Cloud,
 From Heav'n her once aspiring Beauties bow'd
 And in the Fierceneſs of his holy Ire,
 Upon his Footſtool thrown the raging Fire :
 'Till, tottering downward with a mighty Sound,
 Its noble Buildings ſoon embrac'd the Ground !
 Which Pagan ſacrilegious Hands deſtroy'd,
 And with Pollution all the Realms annoy'd.

All *Israel's* Power He broke in one sad Day,
 Nor kept his sheilding Arm their Force away,
 But shooting Lightnings round our Cities shone,
 Before whose fearful Heat we melted down.
 From His bent Bow his fiery Darts flew out,
 His Right Hand dealt Destruction round about ;
 'Till those, whose Beauties shone upon the Eye,
 Did in their gusning Purple floating lye.
 His Wrath, resistless, pouring like a Stream,
 No wonder Palaces bow'd to its Flame ;
 And firm Munitions in Destruction laid,
 Are now with glowing Beams and Ashes spread.
 Nor even His holy Temple did he spare,
 No more His Feasts and solemn Days appear ;
 While Kings, and Priests alike His Vengeance share. }
 Nor now the Victims on her Altars smook,
 Her stately Wall her Enemies have broke,
 And in thy House, uniting hideous Cries,
 But mock the nobler Joys of Sacrifice.
 The solid Rampart, and the shading Wall,
 Push'd by his Hand, lament their sudden Fall :
 The brazen Gates all level now are laid,
 And all the Ground with broken Bars is spread.

OUR King, and Princes to the Gentiles sold,
 Stiff captive Chains in shameful Durance hold ;
 When ev'ry Age bows down its stooping Head,
 With Sackcloth veil'd, and mourning Ashes spread :

Nor can my Eyes restrain the Gush of Tears,
 Which justly pours upon my Country's Hearse ;
 My Bowels mourn, and bear an equal Part,
 A bleeding Country asks a bleeding Heart.
 The famish'd Children in the Streets combine,
 And round each passing Friend in Anguish twine,
 And beg the needful Bread, or cheering Wine :
 The Infant on the empty Bosom lies,
 And bathes it with its Tears, and weeping dies.

IN vain I strive an equal Grief to find,
 To sooth, O ZION ! thine amazed Mind ;
 Unrivall'd in thy Woes, the hideous Breach
 Can ne'er be heal'd, nor can Description reach :
 As when a Wall the beating Billows wound,
 In, at the Breach, the driving Waters bound ;
 'Till all the City swims, and all the Plains are drown'd.
 In vain thy Prophets, with false Stories fill'd,
 Thy open Ears to wiser Counsels seal'd,
 They vainly sooth'd Thee in those hateful Crimes,
 Which have deform'd with Woes the happy Times.
 Nor can our Woes forbid the Stranger-Tongue,
 To make *Jerusalem* their Mirth and Song ;
 Is this, say they, that ever-beauteous Town,
 Which o'er the Earth in bright Perfection shone ;
 By God's avenging Hand now humbled down ?
 Others, more furious, gnashing his their Spight,
 Hid with the Cover of eternal Night,
 No more, say they, will *Zion* rise again ;
 The wish'd-for Day our longing Eyes have seen :

True to his Word th' *Almighty* now has shewn
The spotless Truth and Justice of his Throne.
Who, threatening Thee with long and numerous Woes,
Has drawn, around, thy Town's devouring Foes :
Which pitying neither Sex, nor Youth, nor Age,
Have acted wide the Circle of their Rage :
And now the Tyrant-Strangers, raging, rule,
Full of their own, with sacred Vengeance full.

IN this Distress, to GOD, oh, fervent cry,
(Let willing Rivers spring from every Eye)
Restless attack his Throne with humble Prayers,
While ev'ry Vow is water'd with your Tears.
Let Heav'n, ev'n in the Night your Cries attend,
In each Petition let your Heart ascend ;
For in each Street pale Famine stalks along,
Sinks ev'ry Cheek, and stiffens every Tongue :
Snatches the Roses from each faded Face,
While sinking Virgins die upon the Place ;
Unable to sustain their tottering Limbs,
Not bath'd with Tears, but drench'd in bloody Streams.
For, round in mighty Floods, the floating Dead
Are roll'd along, in rueful Ruin spread.
For this, let GOD our Hearts dissolving see,
Whose weeping Blood should speak our Misery.

O GOD ! with infinite Compassion view
On whom it was thy vengeful Arrows flew !

See, *Father*, see ! the Babe, with Milk unfed,
 Torn from the Mother's Breast unpitied, dead ;
 A horrid Feast for horrid Hunger spread !
 Our lovely Youth, which gape with many a Wound,
 Lay naked and unburied on the Ground,
 And o'er the Dead the fainting Living fbound.
 None are escap'd, the Infants we have bred
 Dye from our Arms, and drop among the Dead.
 No more !---the Grief 's too great to be exprest,
 Let Sighs, and Tears, and Death declare the Rest.



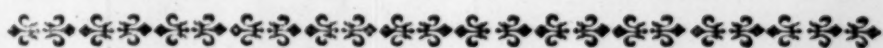
XV. *A Paraphrase on the LORD's Prayer.*

*** Elestial PARENT, whose admir'd Name
 * C * All Nature owns ; and Angels speak thy Fame.
 *** Thy constant Kindness wou'd our Tongues
 display,

When Morn begins, and Evening ends the Day.
 Rule in our Hearts, and bow each rebel Thought,
 Let every Virtue in our Souls be wrought,
 Subdue our Wills, and form them to thine own ;
 Thy Laws our Counsels, and our Minds thy Throne :
 Such let our blest Obedience be perform'd,
 As Angels pay, with nobler Passions warm'd.
 Descend, O sacred *Dove* ! into our Breast,
 And bring the Joys of everlasting Rest :
 Sink every Wave, and smoothe our ruffled Mind,
 And let the Reign of Earth and Heav'n be join'd.

Descend

Descend in Show'rs of Bounty, and relieve
Our constant Wants ; the daily Nurture give.
Scatter our Sins, like an offensive Cloud,
Let to our Penitence Thine Ears be bow'd ;
Soften our Anger, and let Malice fly,
And fierce Resentment in our Bosoms dye ;
Unwearied Injuries our Prayers inspire,
And our Forgiveness all our Foes admire.
Let Satan from the awful Guard retreat
Which Virtue gives, and own his foul Defeat ;
From every Evil sheild our happy Lives,
Strong in the Tower which thy Protection gives.
Thy Kingdom widens o'er the starry Frames,
And grasps the rolling Worlds, and guides their Flames :
Thy Power sustains the Basis of the Whole,
And goes thro' Nature, like a mighty Soul.
Eternal Praises circle thro' the Skies,
And to Thy NAME the Hymns of Angels rise.



XVI. CHARITY. *Being a Paraphrase on
the 13th Chapter of the 1st of Corinthians.*

HO' Angels could infuse their holy Fire,
And with their graceful Strains my Soul inspire,
Or from my Tongue, in moving Eloquence,
Flow'd, in the softest Words, the richest Sense,
Yet, void of Charity, my empty Mind
Is like a Cymbal only swell'd with Wind ;

Or

Or sounding Brass which lightly strikes the Air
And leaves a short Impression on the Ear.

COULD I the future Scenes of Time foresee,
Unravel every mazy Mystery ;
Or did my Knowledge, in its wid'ning Sphere,
Contain the largest Realms of Science there ;
Or could my Faith beyond the Stars ascend
Or from their stedfast Basis Mountains rend,
By sacred Charity if uninspir'd,
A splendid Nothing still wou'd be admir'd.

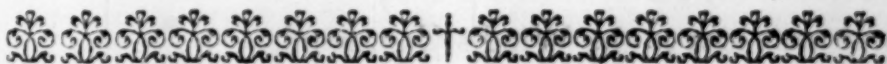
THO', lavish of my Goods, I should bestow
Upon the Needy all I own'd below,
Or, burning with a yet sublimer Zeal,
Should give my willing Flesh the Flames to feel,
And, blazing with the Torch of my own Fire,
Should in a glowing Car to Heav'n aspire,
Devoid of Love, Heav'n would my Soul repell
And strike me backward to the Depths of Hell.

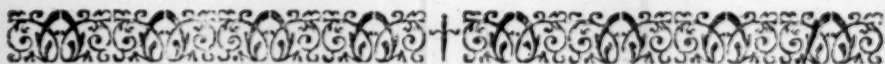
THOU Charity, cloath'd with a smiling Air,
The worst Affronts and Injuries can bear,
Thy Kindness flows in an exub'rant Stream,
Nor Envy clouds Thee with its hateful Steam ;
Pride from thy humble Breast for ever flies
With swelling Thoughts, and nauseous Flatteries.
With Lustre deck'd, thy every Action charms,
A noble Ardour still thy Bosom warms :


Thy

Thy Thoughts of Love, forever unconfi'd,
 No other Bounds can know but all Mankind.
 In Thee, tumultuous Anger never reigns,
 Inconscious, Thee, no dark Suspicion stains ;
 Still griev'd for Sin, 'tis Truth inspires thy Joy,
 And crowding Ills would vainly Thee annoy ;
 All Things thou viewest in the mildest Light,
 The best dost hope, nor Troubles bow thy Might.

ENDLESS thy Reign, when Prophecies, fulfill'd,
 Shall show the mystic Rolls of Fate unseal'd,
 When Tongues no more shall dark Mankind divide,
 And Learning like a Vapour swiftly glide ;
 Love shall, immortal, lift its beauteous Head,
 And in the endless Paths of Glory tread ;
 Imperfect they, like twinkling Stars lead on
 That Charity which is Perfection's Sun ;
 Whose boundless Glories will no Rival bear
 But leaves their duller Shades dispers'd in Air.
 Tho' childish once, I lov'd these lesser Things,
 My manly Soul expands on loftier Wings.
 Now thro' a Glass we see but glimmering Rays,
 Of that, whose Light will strike with op'ning Blaze :
 When Faith and Hope, with Science, all expir'd,
 Shall leave triumphant Love to be admir'd.



XVII. HORACE *Lib. I. Ode I.*

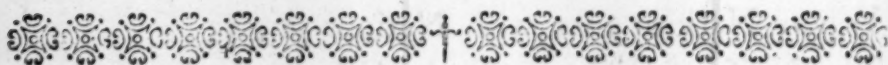

*Æcen*as, whose enobled Veins
 The Blood of ancient Monarchs stains ;
 My Safeguard, Beauty and Delight.
 Some love the Chariot's rapid Flight,
 To whirl along the dusty Ground,
 'Till with *Olympick* Honours crown'd :
 And if their fiery Coursers tend
 Beyond the Goal, they shall ascend
 In Merit, equal to the Gods,
 Who people the sublime Abodes,
 Others, if mingled Shouts proclaim
 Of jarring Citizens, their Name,
 Exalted to some higher Post,
 Are in the Clouds of Rapture lost.
 This, if his Granary contain
 In crowded Heaps the ripen'd Grain,
 Rejoicing his paternal Field
 To plough a future Crop to yield.
 In vain his timorous Soul you'd move,
 Tho' endless Sums his Choice should prove,
 To leave the Safety of the Land,
 And trust him to the Wind's Command.
 The trembling Sailor, when the blue
 And boisterous Deep his Thoughts pursue,

Fearful


Fearful of Tempests, dreads his Gain
To venture o'er the threatening Main.
But loves the Shades and peaceful Town
Where Joy and Quiet dwell alone :
But when, impatient to be poor,
His flying Vessels leave the Shore.
Others, the present Hour will seize,
And less for Business are than Ease ;
But flowing Cups of Wine desire,
Which scatter Grief and Joy inspire.
Joyful, they quaff and spread their Limbs
Along the Banks of murmuring Streams,
While Trees, which shoot their tow'ring Heads,
Protect them with their cooling Shades.
Some love the Camp and furious War,
Where Nations met with Nations jarr ;
The Noise of Victors, and the Cries
Of vanquish'd, which assault the Skies ;
While, at the Trumpet's piercing Ring,
Their mounting Spirits vigorous spring :
When fainting Matrons, in a swoond,
Receive the martial Musick's Sound.
The Morning Hunter seeks his Prey,
Tho' chill'd by Heaven's Inclemency,
Forgets his House ; with Dogs pursues
The flying Stag in her Purlieu's ;
Or his entangling Net contains
The foamy Boar, in ropy Chains.

But

But me, the *Ivy* Wreaths, which spread
 Their blooming Honours round the Head
 Of learned Bards, in Raptures raise,
 And with the *gods* unite in praise.
 The Coolness of the Rural Scenes,
 The smiling Flowers and Ever-Greens,
 And sportful Dances all inspire
 My Soul, with more than Vulgar Fire ;
 If sweet *Euterpe* give her Flute,
 And *Polyhymnia* lend her Lute.
 If you the deathless Bays bestow,
 And by Applauses make them grow,
 Towards the Stars, my winged Fame
 Shall fly, and strike the heavenly Frame.



Lib. 1. Ode 4.

 HE *Winter*, which bound up our frozen Plains,
 Is disentangled from its melted Chains ;
 While in its Stead the graceful Spring returns,
 And *Zephyrs* in enchanting Murmurs mourns.
 No more our Ships, dry on the burden'd Land,
 By Engines forc'd the Ocean to descend ;
 Nor now the solitary Cott's invite
 The Cattle fighting for the cheerful Light :
 Nor Peasants seek the feeble Force of Fire
 Their Limbs to warm, but *Phœbus*' Aid require.

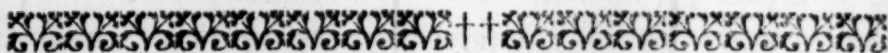
And

And now the Fields, in native Beauty drest,
Are by the Arms of Frost no more carest.
The Cytherian Goddess graceful moves,
Incircled with a Crowd of blooming Loves ;
Whose nimble Steps fly o'er the verdant Meads,
While the gay Morn her Silver Lustre sheds.
The Graces, who with heavenly Features glow,
And comely Nymphs, whose Eyes Destruction throw }
O'er the soft Grass lead up a bright and solemn Show.
Now, Vulcan with his brawny Cyclops sweats,
And on his Anvil glowing Irons beats ;
While trembling *Etna* echo's with a Groan,
And *Jove's*-Bolts Thunder, e'er from Heav'n they're
thrown.

Let everlasting Laurels clasping spread,
And weave their verdant Honours round our Head ;
Or blushing Flowers, with mingled Beauty shine,
And o'er our Front in amorous Kisses twine :
Protected by the Grove's delightful Shade ;
To Pan the humble Sacrifice be made :
Whether a tender Lamb the *God* requires,
Or brouzing Goat shall smoak upon his Fires.
With equal Pace pale Death, in dreadful Steps,
Strikes at the Cott, or in the Palace leaps ;
Our Lives, condemn'd in narrow Bounds to rove,
Forbid us long to hope for what we love :
Even now eternal Night projects its Gloom,
And fabled Ghosts haunt thy retiring Room.

Now

Now in dire *Pluto's* dusky Realms you stray,
 And vainly wish the dawning Gleams of Day ;
 There, Friend, the circling Youth will never crown
 Thy sumptuous Feast, and quaff the Nectar down :
 Nor more shall beauteous Maids thy Love inspire,
 And fill thy glowing Soul with am'rous Fire.

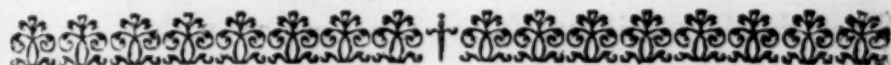


XIX. *Lib. I. Ode 24.*

M *Elpomene*, thy mournful Cittern string,
 And melting Notes in funeral Ditties sing.
M *Quintilean's* Eyes are clos'd in endless Sleep,
 What Eyes with streaming Tears refuse to weep ?
 Who living fill'd each Breast with strong Desire,
 Shall his sad Fate oppress the ardent Fire ?
 For, since his Ashes have increas'd the Dead,
 All but the Shew of Innocence is fled.
 A decent Shame blusht in his modest Face,
 And with a crimson Veil conceal'd each Grace :
 And Faith, to Justice join'd in holy Ties,
 Shone in his Heart, and darted thro' his Eyes :
 Far from Disguise, no subtle Arts he us'd,
 But when he spoke the naked Truth diffus'd.
 When will the *gods*, who snatch'd him from our Sight,
 Brighten the World with such another Light ?
 He fell, deplor'd, or sure the gushing Flow
 Down numerous Cheeks, was but an empty Show :

But

But never Grief a deadlier Arrow threw
 Into a Breast, than thine, O *Virgil* ! knew.
 But vain, now shaded by the Gloom of Death,
 To see your Friend, wails your lamenting Breath :
 Fix'd by the Fates, our Lives have Limits set,
 Nor can they be recall'd by deep Regret.
 Tho' your sweet Lyre breath'd more melodious Strains,
 Than *Orpheus* warbled o'er the *Thracian* Plains,
 While moving Forests wander'd from their Roots,
 And round your Musick danc'd the ravish'd Brutes,
 Not all th' enchanting Magick of your Muse
 Could raise the Dead, nor vital Warmth infuse.
 For when swift *Hermes* waves his dreadful Wand
 And bids the trembling Soul to Hell descend,
 No tender Cries his stubborn Mind can bend.
 With humble Patience then let's bear the Load,
 Which *Jove* appoints, nor murmur at the god.



XX. HORACE *Lib. I. Ode 2.*

ALREADY *Jove* sufficiently has shown
 In Hail and Snow his Vengeance on the Town;
 Launching the Lightnings from his righteous
 Arm
 Fierce on the Temples, now with Sulphur warm.
 The startled Town, and frighted Nations fear'd
 A second Deluge soon would have appear'd :

F

Like

Like that of *Pyrrhæ* when the scaly Brood
 By *Proteus* guided thro' the rising Flood,
 O'er tow'ring Mountains cut their liquid Way,
 Or else o'er spreading Elms their Progress stay ;
 The Seats of Doves. While wandering o'er the Main
 The fearful Deer o'er steepy Billows strain,
 And change a solid for a wat'ry Plain.
 We've seen the *Tiber* leave its yellow Bed
 And o'er the neighbouring Tombs of Monarchs spread
 And *Vesta's* Temple all in Ruins laid :
 While wandering from the Left the River rose
 In spite of *Jove*, upon its *Roman* Foes :
 And *Illia's* ancient Quarrel to return,
 Upon the City empties all his Urn.
 The few remaining Youth our Guilt shall spare,
 Will mourn the Ravages of Civil War,
 That, sunk in Luxury, the *Persian* Pride
 Beheld our Swords in *Roman* Purple dy'd.
 Since thro' its mighty Frame the Empire nods
 Whom shall we invoke of all the Gods !
 Will *Vesta* hear her sacred Virgin's Songs
 Say *Jove*, the expiator of their Wrongs :
 Come vail'd in snowy Clouds, *Apollo* prove ;
 Come *Venus* with the Smiles and God of Love.
 Or visit *Mars*, thy long neglected Race,
 Tir'd with the Sport of War, forsake the Chace,
 Tho' pleas'd when all the martial Terrors rise
 Sounds pierce the Ear, and dazling Arms the Eyes.

Or

Or if *Augustus* is another Name
 For *Mercury*, who left the starry Frame,
 Celestial Monarch, late may'st thou return,
 And late the happy World thine Absence mourn :
 Nor yet on Wings of rapid Whirlwinds rise
 Offended with our Vice and tainted Skies.
 Here chuse a Father and a Prince to stay
 And lead thy Triumphs thro' the crowded Way ;
 Nor, unreveng'd, let *Medes* triumphant ride
 From Fields which *Roman* Citizens have dy'd.



XXI. HORACE *Ode to Graspus, Lib. 2.*
Ode 16.

HO' all Mankind impatient Ardours reign
 To live a Life of Ease secure from Pain.
 The Sailor, on the *Egean* Billows tost,
 By gloomy Clouds the Moon's fair Lustre lost,
 And Stars no more seen with their radiant Fires
 To guide th' uncertain Ship, soft Rest desires :
 In Feats of War the furious *Thracians* skill'd,
 And *Medes* with whizzing Deaths to win the Field,
 With thirsty Soul, O *Graspus*, Rest explore
 More worth than shining Beds of yellow Ore,
 Or purple Garments stain'd with *Tyrian* Dies,
 Which Gems enlighten as the Stars the Skies.
 Not Sums immense which greedy Avarice heaps,
 Nor Honour's gaudy Train, which o'er the Vulgar sweeps,

Can sooth the Cares which fill a Monarch's Breast,
 And, flying round the Court, his Thoughts molest.
 Happy the Man, the Breathings of whose Mind
 Are to the Circle of his Power confin'd ;
 Who at his Table dines on homely Fare,
 No Fear disturbs his Sleep, his Life no Care ;
 But, from the fordid Lust of Riches free,
 From his clear Thoughts all brooding Sorrows flee.
 Condemn'd to breathe within the little Space
 Of fleeting Time, we mighty Prospects chase :
 To foreign Realms, self-banish'd from our own,
 With anxious Speed from pressing Griefs we run ;
 But vain th' Attempt to hide the conscious Soul,
 The angry Fates their killing Horrors roul.
 A guilty Darknes hovers o'er the Ships,
 And running Troops with following Haste outstrips :
 Pursuing Cares bound swifter than the Deer
 Chas'd by the bloody Hound, and trembling Fear ;
 Or than the rapid Pinions of the Wind
 Borne from the East ; and seize upon the Mind.

WITH eager Joy let's grasp the present Hour,
 Nor mind the future, plac'd beyond our Power ;
 Let Smiles, with gentle Breezes, smoothe the Tide
 Of swelling Grief, and restless Fears subside ;
 Since various Pleasures join to make us blest,
 Depriv'd of some, we'll live upon the rest.

Achilles, tho' with endless Glory crown'd,
 Death's fatal Shaft stretcht prostrate on the Ground.

Tithonus

Tithenus, who to longer Age obtains,
 Yet hates a Life curst with immortal Pains ;
 And, mad with Rage, knows his eternal Chains.
 Perhaps the smiling Hours on me bestow
 The Blessings which my Friend will never know ;
 What tho' an hundred Flocks your Feilds adorn
 And lowing Herds salute the cheerful Morn,
 Tho' flying Steeds before your Chariots spring,
 And in your Ears the skrieking Axils ring,
 Tho' Robes twice in the *Tyrian* Tincture laid,
 Around you their majestic Honours spread ;
 On me the Fates with partial Bounty shine,
 And spin the Thread of Life more soft and fine.
 Small is my House, surrounded with the Shades
 Of gloomy Forrests, and delightful Glades,
 Where all the Nine my ravish'd Soul inspire
 And light with Flames of their poetic Fire.
 Here, rais'd above the World, my lofty Eyes
 View the low Vulgar, and their Rage despise.

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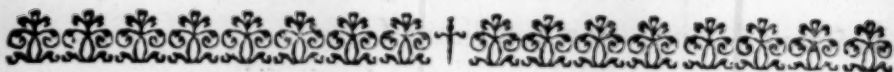
XXII. HORACE *Lib. 3. Ode 1.*

HE vulgar Crew inspire my just Disdain,
 Hence, fly my Presence, all ye Mob profane ;
 Ye few Judicious, view my lofty Verse,
 And let your Tongues your just Applause rehearse.
 Kings reign tremendous o'er their proper Flocks,
 But *Jove* sublime their meaner Empire mocks :

Illustrious, by eternal Triumphs won,
O'er Giant-Rebels to his heavenly Throne ;
Who, by the Force of his resistless Name,
Moves at his Will this wide extended Frame.
Some, with a Genius for the Rural Toil,
Can better prune the Trees, and tend the Soil,
This, with a warmer Flush of Spirits fill'd,
With nobler Ardour seeks the martial Field :
Another, by diviner Pride inspir'd,
Is by the glorious Prize of Virtue fir'd.
A fourth, when with a Crowd of Clients prest,
Than all the former deems himself more blest ;
But Fate, resistless, deals about her Darts,
Which pierce alike the proud or humble Hearts,
And from her huge, and wide-containing Urn,
Scatters to all the Lots too soon they mourn.
The Man, whose impious Neck lay underneath
The Tyrant's Sword, which threaten'd present Death,
Not all *Sicilian* Dainties could delight ;
Nor could he taste away his wild Affright :
Nor Songs of Birds, nor sweetly-warbling Strains
Of speaking Lyres, could sooth to Sleep his Pains.
But the soft Pleasures of refreshing Sheep
Not distant from the humble Cottage keep,
Where dwells the Peasant ; nor the shady Bed
Of *Tempe's* Grove, where Zephyr's Wings are spread.
The Man, who wishes just enough, nor more,
Unmov'd, attends the Billow's boisterous Roar ;

Arcturus setting, nor the rising Goat
 Portending Tempests, can disturb his Thought :
 Nor broken Vines by thundering Storms of Hail,
 Nor Hopes of mighty annual Crops which fail ;
 Nor Trees, which, of perpetual Showers of Rain,
 Or fierce Extreame of Heat and Cold complain.
 But our unbounded Luxury is such,
 We only live but when we live too much ;
 Unsatisfi'd, with Earth's unmeasur'd Plain,
 Our jutting Moles invade the liquid Main ;
 And injur'd Fish of straiten'd Room complain. }
 With gaudy Shews the Great would feed his Eyes,
 But still true Happiness his Wishes flies ;
 And with dire Trouble, his perpetual Care,
 And horrid Guilt, his mangled Bosom tear :
 Care haunts the Ship, and fills the Sailor's Mind,
 And, when we mount the Courser, rides behind.
 Since then no Building's high Magnificence,
 Nor Garments tinctur'd o're with purple Stains ;
 Nor charming Sweetness of Falernian Wine,
 Nor Oils, whose rich Perfume the Sense refine ;
 Can Grief dispell, nor give my Sorrows Ease,
 Why should I wish a lofty Edifice ?
 Or why should I exchange my Sabine Field
 For vast Possessions, which less Pleasure yeild ?





XXIII. DAVID'S *Elegy paraphras'd*, and
apply'd to the premature Death of Capt.
 JOSIAH WINSLOW, *who was slain in*
Battle with the Indians, May 1. 1724.



MOURN, O my Muse, let Solemn Numbers flow
 From thy sad Thoughts, fit for the Scenes of
 Woe ;

For in the Fields their breathless Bodies lay,
 Whose Fame for martial Deeds will never die.
 Thy fairest Sons, O *Isr'el*, strow the Plain,
 And mighty Captains with their Men are slain.
 Far, far from *Gath*, let fly the fatal News,
 Nor this the Streets of *Askelon* diffuse,
 Left in mad Revels the Philistian Rout
 Shou'd o'er th' unhappy Slain unmanly shout ;
 And their fair Daughters, in fine Raiment drest,
 Should dance for Joy, and in their Banquets feast ;
 The Daughters of th' uncircumcised Race,
 Whom *God* has sever'd from his special Grace.

YE lofty Hills of *Gilboa*, which ascend
 Above the Clouds, and with the Vapours blend,
 On your tall Tops let no soft Dews distill,
 Nor running Rains adown your Mountains rill ;
 But ever may ye lay a barren Waste,
 Your Fruits let Heav'n's Almighty Vengeance blast.

Let

Let Priests no more your Defart Plains adorn,
Nor in their Hands your pious Gifts be borne ;
For on your Fields the Shields are vilely thrown
Which o'er the Breasts of mighty Warriours shone.

THY Shield, O *Saul* ! lays groveling on the Ground,
Nor to thy Royal Breast forbids a Wound ;
As if the Sacred Oil ne'er kiss'd thy Head,
Nor in thy Soul its heav'nly Influence shed.
Is this the Monarch, who with furious Rage,
Drove dreadful on, fierce Squadrons to engage ?
Whose flaming Sword drank deep of hostile Gore,
And plung'd Perdition 'till with Fat clos'd o'er ?

O dearest *Jonathan* ! lay Thy dead Limbs
Amidst the Field where floating Purple swims ;
Who, when alive, couldst urge the twanging Bow,
And dart Destruction on the distant Foe ?
From thy nice Hand the whizzing Arrows flew,
And in the destin'd Place the Wicked flew.
Blest Pair of Friends, all lovely in their Lives,
Nor one the other by slow Death survives !
Whate'er by Words they spoke, or Deeds perform'd
Pleas'd all the World, by no ill Grace deform'd :
They liv'd, the Father and the Son, ally'd
By Friendship's sacred Bands, 'till Death the Knot unty'd.
They swift could scour along the level Plain,
While panting Racers, tir'd, behind remain.

So

So tow'ring Eagles, who their Prey descry,
 Shoot rapid thro' the Regions of the Sky ;
 While all the winged Tennants of the Air
 Sail slow, or trembling, ling'ring lay for Fear.
 Their nervous Limbs, with manly Vigour strung,
 Thro' warring Troops, like wafting Whirlwinds, flung ;
 Or like a Lion's fierce impetuous Force,
 Who thro' opposing Armies sweeps his Course.

O *Israel's* blooming Fair ! your Sorrows shew,
 Weep, weep, your Eyes with gushing Tears o'erflow,
 For dead, ah dead, for ever dead is *Saul* !
 Pale are his Looks, a Corps is now his All.
 He made your gaudy Dress with Scarlet flame,
 Like the deep Red which speaks a modest Shame ;
 In his mild Reign perpetual Pleasures blest
 Your easy Lives, and every Sense carest.
 Around your Garments, glorious to behold,
 Shone ever-radiant Gems, emboss'd with Gold.
 How have the fall'n Warriours overspread
 The verdant Fields, and made them blush with Red.

O *Jonathan*, once lov'd, but now deplor'd !
 Why felt thy fleeting Life the wounding Sword ?
 Dead, pale, neglected on the lofty Field,
 Stretch'd are thy Limbs, to northern Blasts reveal'd.
 On Thee the Vulture, with devouring Jaws,
 Feeds rav'nous, and deforms Thee with his Claws.

O ! I'm distress'd, I feel the Force of Woe,
Sunk is my Heart, my creeping Blood moves slow ;
For Thee, my dear departed Friend, I mourn,
And water with a Brother's Tears thy Urn.
Thy sweet Society refresh'd my Mind,
Sooth'd all my Thoughts, like Seas without a Wind :
Beyond the Force of Female Fire, thy Love
Burnt to thy Friend, like the pure Flames above.
But now, O dreadful Thought ! Eternal Night
Has clos'd thy Eyes, and veil'd Thee from our Sight.
Swell big with Grief my bursting Breast, by Death
Seiz'd are the Chiefs, and stop'd their vital Breath,
While shining Armour, scatter'd o'er the Plain,
Inglorious lay, and speak their Owners slain.

BUT shall the Muse in melting Strains deplore,
An ancient Loss, and pass a Modern o'er ?
Shall *Saul* and *Jonathan* eternal live,
And all the Waste of envious Time survive,
While *WINSLOW's* Fate employs a silent Woe,
And Death shall seize his Fame and Body too ?
No, live dear Youth, green with immortal Bays,
And let successive Years augment thy Praise.
My streaming Eyes gush plenteous o'er thy Hearse,
While thus I strow the fading Honours of my Verse :
For who unmov'd can see thy lovely Limbs
Stretch'd on the Ground, and dy'd with Purple Streams,
While with loud Insults dance the swarthy Crew
About thy Corps, which when alive they flew ?

O might some Muse, who shoots a lofty Wing,
And gains the Height of Heav'n, thy Courage sing ;
Whose Numbers equal the melodious Strains,
In which the charming *Philomel* complains ;
For e'er unstrung should be my artless Lyre,
Unskill'd my Hands to touch the warbling Wyre :
But since the mighty Bards the Theme refuse,
Accept what Friendship only can excuse.

A daring Vigour burnt within his Breast,
Broke thro' his Eyes, and was by all confest ;
Not as the Flashes of a sudden Light,
But like a Fire which shines for ever bright :
Which bore him thro' the Midst of charging Foes,
And where a Flood of blushing Crimson flows.
And when fierce Troops urg'd thick on every Side,
He spurn'd his Fate, and spread Destruction wide ;
Till in his Body lodg'd the fatal Lead,
Beat down the Fort of Life, and left him dead.
So, a fierce Lion, when in darted Show'rs
A Storm of Jav'lins round his Body pours,
Foaming, he roars, and Lashes quick his Main,
Then furious flies, and fills the Field with Slain ;
'Till overcome by a Superiour Strength,
He, falling on the Ground, projects his dreadful Length.


A Calm of Temper sweet'ned all his Mind,
Which breath'd a general Love to all Mankind ;

While

While Health, for ever blooming, flush'd his Looks,
And Breeding heighten'd what he learn'd from Books.
To all sincere, to some distinguish'd Few
He liv'd the Friend, and the Companion too.
Now lost, perhaps, he lays unbury'd on
The Pagan Plains, burnt by the blazing Sun ;
Or if he's cover'd by the friendly Ground,
'Twas forc'd from those who urg'd his deadly Wound :
That Office never for his Friends design'd ;
No more to see his Face, nor Corps to move behind.
Weep, O my Muse ! ye wailing Virgins weep,
In bursting Floods of Grief your Senses steep,
For snatch'd for ever from your wond'ring Eyes
No more his faded Looks inspire your Joys ;
For him let all his Country gush in Tears,
Who dy'd deplor'd, amidst his blooming Years.



XXIV. *To my honoured Father on the Loss
of his Sight.*

OW Heav'n has quench'd the vivid Orbs of
Light,
By which all Nature glitter'd to your Sight,
And universal Darkness has o'er-spread
The splendid Honours of your aged Head ;
Let Faith light up its strong and piercing Eye,
And in remoter Realms new Worlds descry :

Faith,

Faith, which the Mind with fairer Glories fills
 Than human Sight to human Sense reveals.
 See JESUS, sitting on a flamy Throne,
 Whose piercing Beams the vailing Angels own ;
 While bowing Seraphs, blissful, clap their Wings,
 Ting'd with the Light that from his Prefence springs,
 You, who can touch the Strings to melting Airs,
 And with melodious Trills enchant our Ears,
 May, wing'd by Faith, to heavenly vocal Plains,
 In Fancy's Organ, drink sublimer Strains :
 The Sounds, which Love and sacred Joys inspire,
 Which pour the Musick from the raptur'd Choir.
 Tho', now the Net is wove before your Sight,
 The Web, unfolding soon, will give the Light :
 The visul Rays will thro' the Pupil spring,
 And Nature in a fairer Landskip bring.
 But, first your Frame must moulder in the Ground,
 Before the Light will kindle Worlds around ;
 Your precious Ashes, sow'd within the Glebe,
 Will teem with Light, and purer Beams imbibe :
 Shut now from all the Scenes of chearful Day,
 You ne'er will see, 'till JESUS pours the Ray,
 And all the Pomp of Heav'n around display.
 So, when a Stream has warbled thro' the Wood,
 Its limpid Bosom smoothes and clears its Flood ;
 The rolling Mirrour deep imbibes the Stains
 Of heav'nly Saphyr, and impending Greens ;
 'Till thro' the Ground, in secret Channels led,
 It hides its Glories in the gloomy Bed :

 }
 'Till,

'Till, op'ning thro' a wide and flow'ry Vale,
Far fairer Scenes the purer Streams reveal.



XXV. *On the sudden Death of Messieurs
George and Nathan Howell, the only Chil-
dren of Madam SEWALL, who were lost
as they were skating on the Ice, January
8th. 1727,8.*

Elpomene, thou mournful Muse,
M Thy serious Vein of Grief infuse :
Ye Springs of Sorrow open wide,
Let every Eyeball pour its Tide,
But chief, ye blooming Youth, lament
And give your rising Passions vent,
For Death, who restless hunts for Prey,
Has snatch'd a lovely Pair away.

Two charming Youth in all their Bloom,
The beauteous Product of one Womb,
To try the flattering Ice design'd,
Nor thought their Destiny to find.
Joyful, methinks, I hear them say,
How smooth the Waters shine to Day,
O'er the bright Floor we'll rapid glide,
Nor dread the under-moving Tide.
They went with Expectation flusht,
By Fate's resistless Vigour pusht :

Their

Their Eyes with sparkling Spirits shine,
Their heaving Vitals danc'd within.
Their shining Irons on they tie,
And o'er the slippery Surface fly :
Nor driving Winds with swifter Bound
Brush o'er the Surface of the Ground.
Too far they run, too quick their Speed,
To the dark Regions of the Dead.
For soon the bending Glass confess
Th' unequal Force by which 'twas prest :
The trembling Youth their Danger see
And strive, but strive in vain to flee.
To Heav'n they raise their dying Prayers,
To Heav'n they cry with piteous Tears :
Too late they pray, too late they weep,
Hov'ring impendent o'er the Deep,
But quickly reach the Goal of Death,
And dropping thro' resign their Breath.
So when an Earthquake shakes a Town,
And Nature's Works seem shudd'ring down,
Th' Inhabitants with wild Affright,
Out from their Houses pour their Flight :
The Streets amaz'd no less than they,
Haste from their quivering Feet to flee,
Their rolling Eyes with Horror stare,
Their Knees to Heav'n are bent in Prayer,
In vain they cry, wide gape their Graves,
A springing Lake the City laves.

O fatal Morn ! henceforth to Night
Reign thy ever-clouded Light,
While Heaven a sable Covering wears,
Let heavy Mists distill in Tears.
No more ye Frosts consent to bind
Th' uncertain Stream dispell'd by Wind ;
Let sad Laments the Day deform,
O'ercast by a relentless Storm.

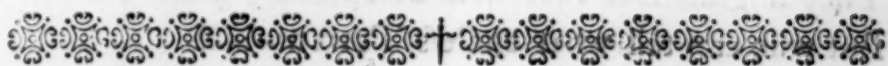
FOR you, dear Youth, in copious Streams,
Your Mother laves your stiffned Limbs ;
Her matchless Grief no Bounds can know,
But gushes in an endless Flow.
For You she mourns, whose tender Youth,
Whose lovely Form, and modest Truth,
And dawning Virtues opening shone,
The future Lustre of the Town :
But oh ! with Hopes elate, suppress
The swelling Flood of your Distress :
See JESUS, whose all-grasping Hand
Holds up the Sea as well as Land,
Receive their swift-departing Souls,
Where streaming Pleasure ever rolls.
See, where with Beams of circling Light,
On Him they feed their ravish'd Sight.
And now, forever, ever drown'd,
Sink in a Sea without a Bound.
Oh happy ! rescu'd from the Cares,
The numerous Woes and horrid Fears,

Which spread this ever-gloomy Scene,
This Pilgrims ill-attended Inn.

YE wary Youth forever flee
The glittering Cover of the Sea,
Left, bursting thro', the rising Waves
Should wrap you in your sudden Graves ;
And swelling Eyes should, gushing, mourn
Your too, too fatal cruel Urn.
Hear JESUS speak, dwell on his Voice,
Him make your wise and early Choice ;
To him adhere, whose heavenly Rules,
Will save you from the Snare of Fools :
To him, whose precious pouring Blood,
Will wash you with its healing Flood,
And cleanse you from your youthful Stains,
The fainter Dye of lesser Sins.
He will your naked Spirits dress,
In fadeless Robes of spotless Grace :
Will light a Spark of sacred Fire,
A glowing Flame of fierce Desire,
Which in your mounting Souls will blaze,
And brighten Heaven with endless Rays.
Then, when the flying Shafts of Death,
Shall stop your quick-succeeding Breath,
Swiftly you'll wing your lucid Way,
To shining Realms of endless Day.
With beamy Crowns adore your King,
And Love will teach you how to sing ;

While

While rolling Hours will rapid run,
In Joys immortal still begun.



XXVI. *On the Death of the late Reverend
and Learned Dr. COTTON MATHER,*
February 13. 1727,8.

Others sing the Hero or the Field,
The glitt'ring Helmet, or the blazing Shield;
The streaming Blood which dyes the crimson
Plain,

When strow'd in wild Disorder lay the Slain;
My Muse to higher Glories winds her Strings,
Her Theme a Subject of the King of Kings.
'Tis Thee, O boundless JESUS, whom I praise,
And from thy Servant strike Thee back Thy Rays;
No mean Attempt will suit my tuneful Lyre,
While *Mather* trembles o'er the speaking Wire.

GREAT *Mather's* gone, and shot his shining Way
Into the lighten'd Realms of purest Day.
I saw his flaming Chariot upward hurl'd,
Beyond the Limits of the lower World.
See, how the Angels strow his Way along,
Hear the sweet Warblings of each artful Song!
The rushing Light pours from the opening Skies,
And JESUS dawns upon his ravish'd Eyes.
The heavenly Troops crowd with obedient Haste,
And to his glorious Sovereign lead their Guest:

While, shouting in the Musick of one Voice,
 They sing his Entrance with Seraphick Joys.
 But who can tell what endless Torrents roll
 Of Bliss immortal, on his ravish'd Soul ?
 No Thought can reach, no Tongue their Height express,
 To strive to paint them would but make them less.

AND now my Muse, from Heav'n to Earth descend,
 And with the general Grief thy Sorrows blend :
 See, how the Tears start fresh from num'rous Eyes,
 And all the Man to female Softness dies.
 Ah Father ! Why so sudden was thy Flight ?
 Thy setting Day has left a Veil of Night ;
 A dark Eclipse hangs hov'ring o'er the Land,
 And Justice seems to shake her threat'ning Hand.
 Depriv'd of thee, what flaming Bolts will show'r,
 What Storms of rapid Vengeance downward pour ?
 No more thy Prayers like flaming Incense rise,
 T' appease th' Almighty Sovereign of the Skies :
 But still thy fragrant Memory survives,
 Tho' fled the Saint, the bright Example lives.

SAY Muse, how great the Compass of his Mind,
 Like a vast Ocean deep, and unconfin'd ;
 Or like a River gliding o'er the Plain,
 Deep and serene, which heav'nly Colours stain.
 What num'rous Authors, in his Bosom stor'd,
 Liv'd in his Memory, and grac'd each golden Word ?

As *Israel's* Temple glow'd with *Opber's* Beams,
 So blaz'd his Soul, enrich'd with Pagan Gems :
 Or as the Bee from Flow'r to Flow'r extracts
 The Dews of Honey to adorn his Wax ;
 So he, from all the Learning of the East,
 Stor'd up the sweetest Treasures in his Breast.
 How vast his deep Projections, which embrac'd
 Far distant Realms, and circl'd the Distrest ?
 So widely useful his extended Sphere
 Grasp'd all that Heav'n could loose, or future Torments
 fear.
 So spread the Fishing-Tribe th' expanded Net,
 In which the scaly Swarms promiscuous meet.

WHAT numerous Volumes, scatter'd from his Hand,
 Lighten'd his own, and warm'd each foreign Land ?
 What pious Breathings of a glowing Soul
 Live in each Page, and animate the whole ?
 The Breath of Heav'n the savory Pages show,
 As we *Arabia* from its Spices know.
 'The Beauties of his Stile are careless strow'd,
 And Learning with a liberal Hand bestow'd :
 So, on the Field of Heav'n, the Seeds of Fire
 Thick-sown, but careless, all the Wise admire.

How many Pleasures dwelt upon his Tongue,
 On which transported Myriads eager hung ?
 With Reading fraught, and tipp'd with sacred Fire,
 What noble Passions did it's Sounds inspire,

When from the Desk the glowing Audience felt
 The sacred Rage with which his Bosom swell'd ?
 How did the Tears from melting Sinners flow,
 And Terrors sit upon each guilty Brow ?
 The Thunders burnt to launch out from his Hand,
 Nor could their Flames the impious Scorners stand ;
 While milder Accents, and more tender Arts,
 Infus'd the healing Balm o'er wounded Hearts.
 But JESUS most, inspir'd his noble Flights,
 And rais'd the Audience to ethereal Heights :
 Warm'd every Word, and painted all his Rage,
 And all his Charms our conquer'd Hearts engage :
 JESUS, thro' all his various Works did shine,
 The Name of JESUS glitter'd in each Line.
 If simple Shepherds make the wounded Trees
 Confess the Name of her who seems their Bliss ;
Mather, O JESUS ! with thy nobler Name,
 Might justly grace his Tongue, and feed a nobler Flame.
 When *Mather* spoke, he hung each silent Ear,
 Or gain'd the Smile, or spread a serious Air ;
 With deep Instruction ting'd the virtuous Mind,
 Scatter'd our Sorrows, and our Joys refin'd :
 Kindl'd our Thirst for Learning's sacred Springs,
 Rais'd up new Fields, and clear'd sublimer Things.
 His Speech was like the Rain which plenteous pours,
 Our Ears the Field, to drink the dewy Show'rs.

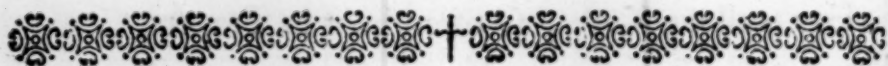
WHAT various Virtues, widening in his Mind,
 Inform'd each Word, and in his Actions shin'd ?
 Ambitious,

Ambitious, active, tow'ring was his Soul,
 But flaming Piety inspir'd the Whole.
 Time, gliding downward in a hasty Stream,
 Was never troubled, but was clear'd by him ;
 His various Work its faithful Mirrour shows,
 Rear'd on its Banks, and pictures as it flows.
 Those numerous Monuments, which still will shine
 Reflected by the Stream of latest Time.

His callous Knees, so often bent in Prayers,
 Proclaim'd his Fasts, his Cheeks the wearing Tears.
 His Love, which drew from Heav'n its kindled Blaze,
 Scatter'd to human Kind impartial Rays.
 This noble Flame his waisting Taper spent,
 Blaz'd most at Death, on higher Projects bent.
 Happy, tho' dim with Tears, who round his Bed
 Receiv'd his Swan-like Song, and on his Councils fed :
 Triumphant, thence he bore his God-like Way,
 While to descending Tears he left his Clay.

FAIN would the Muse display the wondrous Saint,
 In lasting Colours, and unfading Paint ;
 The Sister-Graces should the Picture crown,
 And ev'n the Shades be worthy him alone.
 If Spots in *Phæbus* shade upon the Sight,
 Those very Spots are drown'd in greater Light.
 But now he's gone, and left his Veil below,
 Clear are his Beams, nor stain'd with Darkness glow.
 So, when *Elijah*, tow'ring from the Sight,
 With fiery Coursers, sprung to Fields of Light ;

His shady Mantle trembled in the Air,
 Attending Angels blaze around his Carr,
 The Beams of Glory circle round his Head,
 And heavenly-tinctur'd Garments o'er him spread ;
 'Till, borne above the Stars, the rising Skies
 Diffuse their pictur'd Scenes upon his Eyes :
 Transported now, seraphic Passions glow,
 And all the Shades of Weakness sink below.



XXVII. *A Consolatory Letter to a near Relative on the Death of his Consort, July 2.*

1733.

FOR you, dear Sir, the Muse, unus'd to sing,
 With artless Fingers bends the solemn String,
 And fain would to her lov'd Retreat retire,
 If Grief had not unstrung your tuneful Lyre.

You best could tell to bind the list'ning Ear,
 To melt the Heart, and raise the falling Tear ;
 And make the Publick, ravish'd with your Lays,
 Or *Katherine* to weep, or you to praise :
 But Nature, much too busy in your Strain,
 Would raise the Bard, but give the Mourner Pain :
 Touch'd with the lively Image of your Grief
 You'd die by what you drew for your Relief.
 Pardon, if much, yet less concern'd I tell
 A Loss whose Fulness only you can feel.

Perhaps

Perhaps the Measures of my friendly Muse
May thro' your pensive Mind some Joy diffuse ;
And make those Sorrows, which no Words can paint,
Retire before the Glories of the Saint.

THE tender Partner, from your Bosom torn,
Is to sequester'd Vales, and lonely Silence borne :
Her closed Lids exclude the grateful Day,
Nor more her Cheeks the crimson Stain display.
Pale are her Lips, nor now the Purple Flood
Diffends her Veins, nor winds the mazy Road.
Still are her Limbs, her beating Heart no more
Receives, or gives the ever-circling Store ;
An Icy Coldness hangs upon her Breast,
Nor can her Strains our listning Ears arrest.
Once gay with Life, within the Tomb embrac'd,
The busy Worms devour the crumbling Guest ;
Wrapt in the Curtains of a solid Night,
No more a Joy but Horror to the Sight.
She, who could raise our Joys, or charm our Ears,
Receives the gliding Current of our Tears ;
Which, to her ever-pleasing Mem'ry just,
Fall from our Eyes, and mingle with her Dust.

THE flow, the cruel Power of a Disease,
Has given the kindest Charmer a Release :
Rude was the Wound, too piercing to the Sight,
When with her every Pleasure took its Flight.
She's gone, and left the mouldring Clay behind,
By Death's inexorable Guard confin'd :

But

But living Laurels, in a lasting Green,
 Shall shade her Hearse, and deck the solemn Scene.
 Her Virtues break the Horrors of the Tomb,
 And pierce, with pleasing Light, the fullen Gloom.
 Oh! might these Virtues sung, nor sung in vain,
 Assuage your Sorrows, and suspend your Pain.

LARGE without Bounds, too pure for any Art,
 What Goodness widen'd in her glowing Heart?
 Soft were her Words, and gentle was her Mind,
 Her Air was cheerful, and her Looks were kind:
 In every Air and Motion of her Mein
 The Wife, the Mother, and the Friend were seen.
 Deep in her Heart your Image you might trace,
 Your Joy and Sorrow varied on her Face:
 Such Love, such fond Respect, and Care to please,
 If Love could err, was loving to Excess.
 Serenely meek, and in a Calm posselt,
 No Storm of Passion rudely rais'd her Breast;
 Even Anger lost its Rage, unus'd to meet
 Such kind Resistance, and a Voice so sweet:
 And after vain Attempts, her Mind to reach,
 Smil'd at her Looks, and melted at her Speech.

'Twas Charity, her darling Virtue, shone
 Superiour in her Mind, tho' not alone;
 For there, fair Modesty, thy humbler Aid
 Heighten'd the Virtues which it strove to shade:
 And Truth, that Heav'nly Daughter of the Skies,
 Dwelt in her Heart, and shone within her Eyes.

No Secret cou'd escape (too sure confin'd)
The watchful Guard of her unbended Mind :
Wife to conceal, or speak the Faults she knew,
She only to our Benefit was true :
Reproof, in all its gentle Force display'd,
Of her soft Temper blest the friendly Aid.

NOR were these Virtues doom'd to be confin'd
To low Ideas, and a grov'ling Mind ;
But Art and Elegance, to Nature true,
Touch'd into Life the Lines which Nature drew.
Her ready Pen, to what she once essay'd,
In soften'd Lights the justest Thoughts display'd ;
On the smooth Current of each gentle Line,
Shone the fair Image of the Soul within.
Thus, bright and good, to yours her Soul ally'd,
Became at once its Pleasure and its Pride :
So, round the spreading Oak the Ivy bends,
And graces with its Green, while that defends,
But Death, too sudden, stepping in between,
Has drawn a fable Curtain o'er the Scene.

BUT leave, ah ! leave the Chambers of the Dead,
The solemn Silence and impending Shade ;
Nor let the crowding Tears too fondly pour,
Left Life departing, mingle with the Show'r :
To wider Fields and brighter Prospects rise,
And trace th' aspiring Saint into the Skies.

SEE,

SEE, where upon Seraphic Wing, she bears
 Her wond'ring Progress thro' the circling Stars,
 Which, soon below th' Ambition of her Flight,
 Sink into Distance, and escape her Sight.
 Now, far beyond the Verge of rolling Spheres,
 Th' immortal Musick steals upon her Ears ;
 Which, melting from sublimer Seraphs Tongues,
 Melodious warbles in enchanting Songs :
 Around her Sight the Saints and Angels blaze,
 While *Jesus* centres all their circling Rays.
 High o'er his burning Throne, his Glories rise,
 And with superiour Day diffuse the Skies :
 As crown'd with vivid Stars, the radiant Sun
 Shines more than they, and seems to shine alone.

BUT here, my Muse, check thine ambitious Course,
 Thy Tho'ts want Vigour, and thy Words want Force ;
 Not the diviner Touch of heav'nly Strings
 For such vast Glories equal Musick brings :
 What Joys, what Raptures fire her conscious Breast,
 Can only be explain'd by being blest.
 Nor long shall Death it's wealthy Spoils retain,
 Th' obedient Dust shall soon revive again ;
 And brighter Colours fairer Cheeks destain.

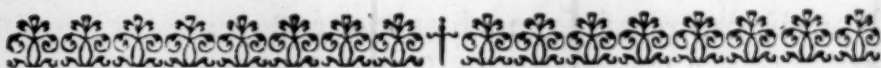
FOR now, descend, and see the teaming Ground,
 With Life inspir'd, obey the final Sound :
 Whose dreadful Musick, pour'd upon the Dead,
 Shall break the Sleep and Silence of the Shade :

Swift,

Swift, as the livid Streaks of Lightning glance,
 The ready Dust shall into Life advance.
 'Tis then, suspended by the quickning Strain,
 Her willing Atoms shall unite again ;
 Warm with diviner Charms the Saint shall rise,
 And open all her Lustre thro' the Skies.
 Not the last Labours of the suffering World,
 Nor melting Spheres into Confusion hurl'd ;
 The ruddy Flames aspiring from below,
 The Looks of Horror, and the Shrieks of Woe ;
 Not all the dreadful Glories of that Day
 Shall pall her stedfast Mind, nor strike Dismay :
 Safe, o'er the Ruins of the glowing Scene,
 The Saint shall triumph, and exult within.
 Let these fair Glories, breaking from the Skies,
 Diffuse the Shadows of your swimming Eyes ;
 Nor let the streaming Tears be bold to flow,
 Nor stain such Glories with the Signs of Woe.
 True to your Grief, unequal to her Joy,
 Not *this* can please so much as *that* annoy ;
 Your partial Eyes upon the Picture laid,
 Fall from the Life, and fasten on the Shade :
 But all to one full Point of Vision brought,
 Would dissipate each fond complaining Thought.
 Sure in cælestial Cheeks could Blushes glow,
 Those Blushes would confess our causeless Woe :
 Vain are the Fears, and vain the pensive Groan,
 Which mourn another's Death, and add our own.

Not so the heav'nly Visions of the Blest,
 They sink our Sorrows, and they sooth our Breast;
 Our Passions heighten, and our Joys inspire,
 And light us with the same Etherial Fire.
 When the last Morn shall streak the golden Day,
 Then Death's dark Shadows shall disperse away;
 Consider then, with various Passions tost,
 The Saint possesses what the Friend has lost:
 Remov'd from desert Plains, and gloomy Groves,
 In fairer Fields of boundless Bliss she roves.

So, gentle Rills, which narrow Channels bind,
 Thro' lonely Glades their weeping Riv'lets wind,
 'Till, meeting with a Stream's impetuous Course,
 They join their Currents, and improve their Force:
 Now op'ning thro' a large luxuriant Plain,
 They draw the liquid Mazes of their Train;
 While rising Flowers confine the shining Crowd,
 And stain the Bosom of the Silver Flood.



XXVIII. *To the Rev. Mr. TURELL, on the
 Death of his vertuous Consort, Daughter
 to the Rev. Dr. COLMAN. Mar. 26. 1735.*



HY hangs such Sorrow on your pensive Brow,
 Say *Turell*, why the Tears so freely flow?
 If you lament the lovely Partner fled,
 In vain you heave the Sighs, or Rivers shed.

The

The Darts of Death within her Bosom deep
 Have urg'd the fatal Wound, and fix'd the lasting Sleep.
 Th' impartial Tyrant round his Arrows throws,
 Nor heeds our Pray'rs, nor melts before our Vows.
 The Charms of Beauty wither from his Hands,
 As fades a Flower, and to a Tempest bends.
 Nor Eloquence can sooth, nor Virtue awe,
 Nor Force repell the Power of Nature's Law.
 To Limits fix'd, our destin'd Course we bend,
 And with resistless Haste to Death's pale Empire tend.
 From Scene to Scene our shifting Moments go,
 And then return the Ground the Dust we owe.
 As glides the pictur'd Dream before our Sight,
 Wing'd with the fleeting Shadows of the Night,
 So borne upon the quick succeeding Hours
 We drop in Death, and drink surviving Showers.
 Adown our Cheeks th' unwearied Currents shed
 Can ne'er revive, but may increase the Dead.
 Had you the Lyre of *Orpheus*, which could move
 The quickned Stones, and each attentive Grove;
 Or could you flow in such a moving Strain
 As *Turell* warbled to the listning Plain;
 In vain the tender Complaints would charm her Ears,
 Bound to the breathing Consort of the Spheres.
 Who would the doubtful Maze of Life repeat,
 Where fleeting Scenes the gilded Fancy cheat?
 Where Cares and Sorrows circle thro' our Years,
 While future Evils rise before our Fears?

And

And feel the Fires of heavenly Rapture die,
 And blot with Tears the Visions of the Sky ?
 None that had tasted of sublimer Springs,
 Could feel a Thirst for these inferiour Things.
 As who a Lawn, distinct with silver Rills,
 Wou'd change for burning Sands, or broken Hills ?
 Or in the Covert of a lonely Cell
 From all the beauteous Realms of *Phœbus* Steal ;
 When smiling Prospects and unfading Greens
 Courted his Sight with their enamell'd Scenes,
 And all the Arch of Heaven's expanded Sky
 Burnt with unnumber'd Glories to his Eye ?
 Thro' Death's dark Valley, winding out her Way,
 The Saint has open'd to a Blaze of Day.
 The Shades, now nearer, hang upon your Sight,
 But still they border on eternal Light.
 So when the gathering Clouds the Skies deform
 The Air is dark, and Nature wears the Storm,
 While all above is spread a smooth Serene,
 And ting'd with Light the gilded Vapours shine.
 Let not these Glories which should bring Relief
 Expire in Shades, and fade in Floods of Grief.
 But while the Skies th' aspiring Spirit claim,
 Behold her *Picture* and enjoy her *Name*.

NATURE had shed upon her ample Mind
 It's various Gifts, which Art had well refin'd.
 In her, *paternal Touches* you might trace
 To shape her Mind, and form each future Grace :

And

And soon her Virtues into Prospect rais'd
 The *Father's* Care, but most the *GOD* confess'd.
 He smooth'd her Strains, and tun'd her sacred Lyre,
 And breath'd within her Soul Seraphick Fire.
 Even now, the flowing Numbers left behind.
 Reflect the Features of her vertuous Mind.
 Nor yet of all the Nymphs that grace the Plain,
 Has one appear'd to sing so sweet a Strain.
 But most, *Devotion* did its Power diffuse,
 Soul of her Soul, the Spirit of her Muse.
 Of all her heavenly Tempers this was chief,
 Liv'd in her Heart, and liv'd within her Life.
 Witness her Closet, whence her glowing Prayers,
 Wing'd with celestial Vigour, reach'd her Father's Ears.
 There *GOD* vouchsaf'd to be her frequent Guest,
 And sunk in Calms the Tumults of her Breast.
 Happy, when thus retir'd from humane Eyes,
 New Scenes of Glory open'd from the Skies.

FREE from Ambition she despis'd the Charms
 Of tempting Riches, circled in its Arms;
 But lov'd the Silence of the rural Scenes,
 And oft would rove amidst th' embroider'd Greens;
 Where *Zephyrs* fann'd her with their cooling Wings,
 And Birds in Consort sung with murmuring Springs.
 There She could move thro' Nature's artful Maze,
 And contemplate on what the Simple gaze.
 Ah fade ye Greens! and weep ye gliding Rills!
 Droop all ye Flow'rs! in Vapours rise ye Hills!

H

Ye

Ye Zephyrs into mourning Murmurs turn,
And gather Clouds of Tears for *Turell's* Urn !

THE tender Tyes of *nuptial* Life She grac'd,
And all the *Mother* to the Child expres'd :
The best of *Daughters* in her Carriage shone,
She felt the *Friend*, and charm'd the weeping Town.
Few were her Words, but chose and weighty too,
We could not blame, but griev'd they were so few.
A steady Wisdom led her cautious Life,
Conceal'd the Whisper, and forbid the Strife.
Deep Contemplation ting'd her serious Mind,
Broke thro' her Eyes, and in her Aspect shin'd.
Nor did her stedfast Virtue e'er refuse
In gayer Hours her graver Thoughts to lose ;
Nor Wit to lend its Aid to Innocence,
To raise our Pleasure, and to point her Sense.
Politely read, what various Books she knew ?
Which on her Mind unfading Traces drew.
Nor was She vain, nor stain'd with those Neglects
In which too learned Females lose their Sex.

BUT now, ah ! now, the heavy Shades of Night
Have seal'd her Eyes, and sunk her from our Sight.
Th' *Ethereal* Picture has forsook our Eyes,
To gain the perfect Touch within the Skies.
There all the Shadows will appear below,
But all above the heightned Features glow.
Nor could the fainter Light our Sphere imparts
Reveal the Beauties which the Draught asserts.

Now,

Now, in a proper Point of Vision plac'd,
The kindled Graces are to Life express'd.

FAIN would the *Muse* her plaintive Numbers cease,
And lose her Sorrows in these Realms of Bliss.
But TAYLOR † calls me downward, and demands
Tears from my Eyes, and Cypress from my Hands.
Snatch'd in a sudden Shade, She gave her Breath,
And all her Bosom wears the Dews of Death.
Nipt in the beauteous Bloom of Youth She lies
A faded Flower, bedew'd by numerous Eyes.
O could our Tears revive so fair a Flower,
Sure every Eye would spring the quick'ning Show'r.
Sure you would weep, ye tender Offspring! too;
But Years forbid the Stream to Nature due.
But most the recent Babe, too soon deny'd
The Bosom, whence he drew the vital Tide.

AH! why ye Bards! is *Taylor's* hapless Herse
Undeck'd with Garlands of unfading Verse!
She lov'd your Strains; your springing Bays would rise,
Green with the falling Show'rs of friendly Eyes.
Fair was her Face, but fairer was her Mind,
Where all the Muses, all the Graces join'd.

† Mrs. *Elizabeth Taylor*, the lovely Consort of the
Rev. Mr. *John Taylor*, Pastor of the Church in
Milton, and Daughter of the late Rev. Mr. *Nathan-
thanael Rogers* of *Portsmouth* in *New-Hampshire*,
died *April 16. 1735*, three Weeks after Mrs.
Turell, and alike esteemed and lamented by all that
knew her.

For tender Passions turn'd, and soft to please,
 With all the graceful Negligence of Ease.
 Her Soul was form'd for nicer Arts of Life,
 To shew the Friend, but most to grace the Wife.
 O had kind Heaven her longer Glories lent,
 And spar'd the plaintive Tears which now are spent !
 And may these Numbers dying o'er her Urn,
 Excite some softer Muse her Fate to mourn.
 If Nature should forbid the Power to praise,
 Even Sorrow might create the melting Lays.

 AH ! die ye Roses in each faded Fair !
 Let in each Eye-lid hang the pearly Tear ;
 For drooping now, sequester'd Shades impend
 The boasted Flow'rs, that open'd on the Land.

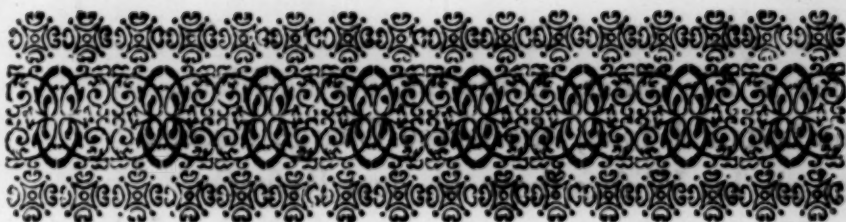
 YE rising Laurels flourish in a Shade,
 And with protecting Greens embrace the Dead !
 While Joys immortal widen in their Breast,
 And heavenly Visions charm the Strangers Blest.
 Tho' now the Tears demand to leave our Eyes,
 We soon shall see the fair Immortals rise,
 And with new Figures grace the wond'ring Skies.
 The piercing Trump shall wake up every Charm,
 And bid their Spirits their cold Ashes warm.
 While heightned into Form by Heavenly Art,
 Their finish'd Features fiercer Fires will dart.
 Before the vivid Glory of their Frames,
 The Sun it self shall fade in paler Flames.

O let these *Saints* inspire to tread the Way,
 That leads and opens to so bright a Day.
 Be sunk ye fading Scenes ! ye Heavenly rise !
 Let every Bosom burn to gain the Skies !
 Ye Clouds of Sorrow ! scatter all away,
 And let the Purple Skies diffuse the smiling Day.
 Ah ! should our Eyes be dim with bursting Tears,
 When Heaven's surrounding Landskip spreads on Theirs ?
 What mean the Murmurs of our pensive Moan ?
 Hear Their melodious Music warble down ;
 While all the Rivers of their Joy upbraid
 Those Tears which only for our Selves are shed.
 Their snowy Robes, which drink celestial Light,
 Should thro' the Shades of Mourning strike our Sight.
 If we behold the melted Weepers nigh ;
 The circling *Seraphs* sparkle on their Eye :
 And JESUS in sublimer Charms confess'd,
 Dispenses all his Fires to warm their Breast.
 Here, Bodies moulder in a narrow Tomb,
 There, boundless Empires rise, and Fields of Glory bloom.

BUT if the Showers of Sorrow must descend,
 Let pious Tears our Penitence attend,
 The precious Drops like pearly Seed be sown,
 'Till in the golden Fields of *Zion* grown,
 The Harvest shall arise in Heavenly Light,
 And all distinguish'd wave upon the Sight.
 So when the spreading Clouds their Tears bestow,
 The blooming *Iris* bends her varied Bow,

The falling Drops with living Colours dies,
And every Glory glitters thro' the Skies ;
While issuing *Phæbus* paints the sable Veil,
Whose envious Shades his Beauties would conceal.




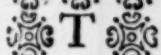



THE
REVELATION
OF

St. *J O H N* the Divine,
translated.



C H A P. I.

 HE Secrets GOD revealed to His SON,
 T Who by His Angels sent the same to *John*,
 T That future Wonders might to all be
known :

His Breast, forever faithful to retain
The Things he saw, his Writings to explain.
Blest are the Eyes that read, the Ears that hear,
The vast Events which hasten to appear ;
But most of all, whose Actions speak them near.

To *Asia's* Sister-Churches, which are seen
 In sev'n fair Cities, bordering on the Main,
 The favour'd *John*, the sacred Charge directs,
 And all his Wishes show his dear Respects.
 Let Heav'n's descending Grace each Soul refine,
 And Peace, with all its Calms and Pleasures, join,
 By GOD bestow'd ; whom Years Eternal crown ;
 From all the seven Honours of the Throne ;
 And JESUS too, whose Witness, ever true,
 Has shewn celestial Things to human View.
 Who first forsook the Mansions of the Dead,
 And, *King* of Kings, His mighty Power is spread :
 Let Him, whose Heart, for ever fill'd with Love,
 Flow'd in a Stream which did our Sins remove ;
 (In Purple wash'd, our snowy Garments shine,
 And all the King and Priest exults within ;
 The beamy Crown confirm'd upon our Head,
 While fuming Incense from our Prayers is spread,)
 Let Him for ever hold his ample Reign,
 While Glory warbles in each heavenly Strain ;
 And let the wide Creation say *Amen*.

BEHOLD, the Clouds prepare His splendid Throne,
 And all the GOD in awful Pomp is shown !
 The *Saviour* is beheld by all around,
 But most by those who pierc'd the fatal Wound.
 Now they are struck with an illustrious Light,
 And feed thro' Clouds of Tears their anxious Sight :

A thousand Tribes before His Aspect fail,
 And all the guilty World too late bewail ;
 Let loud *Amens* His shouted Justice tell.
 Nor Ages yet unborn can end His Name,
 Who Present, Past, and Future is the same.
 Omnipotent, He mocks the Rage of Time ;
 And all the Frames of Nature hang on Him :
 His mighty Hand the rising Worlds begun,
 And dying, at his Word, His Power shall own.

}

I *John*, your Brother in Belief and Tears,
 Whom all the Church oppress'd with all its Cares,
 Banish'd, no more to spread the *Saviour's* Reign,
 The Sea-surrounded *Patmos* did retain ;
 When lo ! upon His sacred Day inspir'd,
 A Voice as winding thro' a Trump I heard ;
 The *Alpha* and *Omega* sudden spoke,
 Let all your Visions grace a lasting Book,
 And let the awful Pages sent abroad
 To *Asia's* Churches, shew the speaking God.

As, all amaz'd, I wou'd the Voice descry,
 A sudden Vision rose before my Eye ;
 At once I turn'd, and glittering to the Sight
 Seven golden Candlesticks display'd their Light ;
 While, in the midst, a Likeness was reveal'd
 To Him, who in the Flesh, the God conceal'd.
 Down to His Feet there flow'd a Silver Vess,
 A Golden Girdle burnt around his Breast :

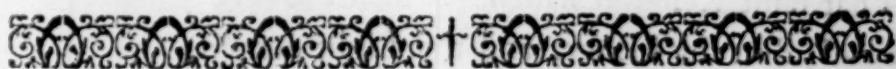
The

The Majesty of Years adorn'd His Head,
His white descending Locks were graceful spread ;
So fair the Lillie-Honours down did flow
That Wool was dark, and yellow was the Snow.
His Eyes, which heav'nly Glories did inspire,
For ever flam'd with quick-emitted Fire :
Even Brass refin'd, and in a Furnace bright,
Glow'd fainter than His ever-radiant Feet.
Strong was his Voice, and, lost within the Sound,
The Noise and Tumults of the Waves were drown'd.
From His right Hand there sparkl'd on the Eye
Seven shining Stars, like those within the Sky.
Keen from His Mouth a flaming Sword was drawn,
And fiery Lightnings on its Edges ran.
Nor cou'd the Sun, in its Meridian Power,
Shine like his Face, or dart so fierce a Shower.

AMAZ'D, I saw, but fear'd to look again,
And faded into Death before the Scene :
Cold at His Feet I lay, but soon reviv'd,
And felt his quick'ning Hand, and rising liv'd.
His Voice again awak'd my trembling Ears,
Th' Eternal Power scatter'd all my Fears ;
Behold ! Immortal now I leave my Grave,
Whose Wounds the bleeding Satisfaction gave ;
Secure in Life, with endless Vigour crown'd :
And let applauding Angels shout around.
See, in My Hand, the Keys which open wide
The gloomy Mansions of the wasting Dead ;

And

And all the Scenes of Heav'n, or Woes of Hell,
Can at My Pleasure close, or else reveal.
Declare to coming Ages all the Sight ;
The *Past*, the *Present*, and the *Future* write ;
The seven glitt'ring Stars thou didst behold,
And all the Candlesticks which burnt in Gold.
By Stars, the Angels, Pastors are exprest,
Which shine by Me, and shine above the rest :
While in each Candlestick the Figures live
Of all those Churches, which their Light receive.



C H A P. II.

✻✻✻ ROM Him, who gives the glitt'ring Stars their
✻ F ✻ Name,
✻✻✻ Whose golden Candlesticks around Him flame :
 Seen in the midst, Who walks and weighs the Lights,
 The lov'd Apostle, thus receiving, writes.
 The shining Actions labour'd from thy Soul,
 And all the Patience which inspires the Whole,
 While all the Wicked tremble from thy Sight
 Long have I seen, nor seen without Delight.
 Not the false Prophets, with their artful Lies,
 Can shun the Search of thy discerning Eyes,
 But stand disclos'd, with all their dark Disguise.
 Fix'd by My Name, by My Example fir'd.
 The Suff'ring-Crown what Numbers have desir'd ?

}

Undaunted

Undaunted thou hast stood the martial Ground
While all thy impious Foes have fled around.

YET, shou'd My Sentence give a perfect Test,
When thy first Love has cool'd within thy Breast ?
High in My Favour, view'd by wond'ring Eyes,
Shall now thy low Descent as much surprize.
View whence descended, view with streaming Tears ;
Nor now thy former Piety appears.
Quicken thy noble Progress, and revive
That faint Religion which but seems to live ;
Least, dim thy Glory, and thy Light deny'd,
Thy Candlestick sequester'd Shadows hide.
Yet, that the hated Deeds thou dost disown
Of *Nicolaus*, still remains thy Crown.

LET him, whose Ears to wise Instruction bend,
The Spirit's Warning to the Church attend ;
Who his fierce Passions and his Crimes subdues,
And all triumphant views his vanquish'd Foes,
On him, in *Paradise*, the Tree of Life
Shall pour its Fruit, and spread each verdant Leaf ;
Which rising in the midst of Heav'n is seen :
Its Branches laden, and unchang'd its Green.

To *Smyrna's* Angel writes the *First* and *Last*,
Who once was dead, but living is confess'd ;
Thy Works, thy Poverty, and Grief I know,
(Tho' thou art fraught with inward Riches too)

The

The Blasphemy of those whom Satan leads,
 Jews in Pretence, but his in all their Deeds.
 The impious Synagogues in vain unite,
 Their Prayers are Form, and all their Zeal is Spite ;
 Nor all their Tortures, nor their Prisons fear
 Which try your Faith, but, dying, persevere :
 Be faithful, and a Crown shall grace thy Head ;
 Whose sparkling Gems shall living Glories shed.

THE speaking *Spirit* now commands your Ear,
 His Voice let all the trembling Churches hear ;
 Who dying, once, shall his Profession own,
 No second Death can fear, but endless Joy shall crown.
 To him, whom *Pergamos* a Pastor claims,
 The *Saviour* speaks, whose Speech for ever seems, }
 Keen from His Mouth, a Sword with pointed Flames. }
 Thy bright Example, where the Wicked dwell,
 And constant Faith, express thy flaming Zeal ;
 Of which great *Antipas* the foremost shone,
 And, with his Blood, has gain'd the Martyr's Crown :
 But, far from perfect, still thou dost retain
 Of *Nicolaus* the detested Stain ;
 A second *Balaak*, who, by *Balaam* taught,
 Thro' *Israel*, Idol-Meats, and Lewdness brought ;
 If quick Repentance does not intervene,
 Expect my Sword, with all my Vengeance keen.
 Whose Ears the Counsels of the *Spirit* hear
 Celestial Food the Victor's Heart shall cheer,

The

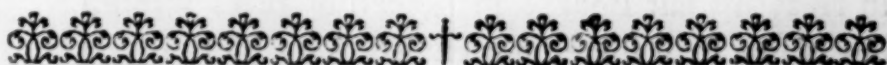
The hidden Manna ; and the snowy Stone
Shall show his Name engrav'd, and shine to him alone.

To *Thyatira's* Bishop JESUS says,
(Like Brass His Feet, His Eyes like Lightnings blaze)
Thy Patience, Faith, and Charity are seen,
Increas'd, and brighter than they once have been.
But since vile *Jezebel*, still suff'r'd, spreads
The Feasts forbidden, and lascivious Deeds ;
And worse, has worne away the golden Space,
In which Repentance might have found My Grace ;
Soon shall successive Ills revenge her Sin,
And all the Partners of her Rites obscene.
Her Children, slain by Mine avenging Hand,
Shall show I search the Heart, and Vengeance can command.

But you, in Satan's Policys unskill'd,
By whom these Doctrines are in Horror held.
Safe in your Selves, no Judgments you shall fear :
But still remember that you persevere.

HE that o'ercomes, and studious of the Deeds
Which I approve, and to the End proceeds,
His Power the Subject Nations shall confess,
(An Iron Rod his scepter'd Hand shall grace,
And all his impious Foes revere his Nod,
Broke at his Feet, and into Pieces trod ;
Scatter'd and shiver'd like the brittle Clay
Before the Potter's Fury dash'd away.)

This Pow'r My *Father* does permit to give ;
 And Robes of Glory shall the Victor have.
 Drest like the Morning-Star that points the Day,
 And o'er the rosy Dawn exalts it's Ray ;
 So rising from the Shadows of the Tomb
 The Seeds of Glory shall in Brightness Bloom.
 Each sparkling Saint shall circle round the *Son*
 And, lost in Light, their borrow'd Glories own.
 The Sky, serene, with heav'nly Purple gay,
 Shall shew the darted and reflected Ray.
 So, when the World refin'd from *Chaos* sprung,
 Glitter'd the Morning-Stars, and glitt'ring sung.
 Whose Ear is tun'd to Heav'ns descending Strains
 And all the Counsels of the Dove retains ;
 Happy and wise, those Evils shall avoid
 In which the obstinate shall be destroy'd.



C H A P. III.

THE *Sardian* Angel, JESUS bids attend,
 Before whose Throne the radiant Spirits stand
 And seven celestial Lights adorn his Hand. }
 Thro' the thin Veil of thine Hypocrisy
 I cast the Flames of mine omniscient Eye ;
 The Form that lives, and dazzles all around,
 Conceals a Heart corrupt, a bleeding Wound ;

Thro'

Thro' which your dying Grace shall soon be spent,
 Unless your Care and Penitence prevent.
 Few are your Deeds, nor will those pious Acts
 Atone the greater Sum of your Neglects.
 Past Admonitions present to your Fear,
 The Light'nings seem to see, the Thunders hear ;
 Nor let the less'ning Sounds die on your Ear.
 Retain your former Faith and former Life,
 Or else expect My Judgments, like a Thief,
 Shall steal in Wrath on your unguarded Hours,
 The Bolts descending while the Tempest pours :
 Too much like *Sodom*, *Sardis* has her Lots,
 Whose shining Garments are distain'd with Spots.
 Their fairer Vesture, whiten'd into Snow,
 Shall o'er the flowery Walks of *Eden* flow.
 The worthy Victor shall be cloath'd in White ;
 At once the Garb of Innocence and Light ;
 In Heav'n's fair Books, in golden Figures wrote,
 His Name shall shine, nor endless Ages blot.
 When Heav'n shall pour its Angels all around,
 And all the Dead shall live before the Sound,
 And Tribes unnumber'd circle round the King,
 His Name shall glitter in the shining Ring :
 The God-like Man My *Father*, too, shall own,
 My Lips acquit him, and My Hand shall crown :
 Th' applauded Saint, proclaim'd by ev'ry Tongue,
 The Saints shall shout, while Angels give their Song.
 Whose Ears these Counsels in Attention bind,
 The same, or greater Happiness shall find.

THE SAVIOUR holy, and the Witness true,
 O *Philadelphia's* Guardian, writes to you.
 The Scenes of Joy and Woe are in his Hand
 Who doth the Keys of Life and Death command ;
 The Gates of Heav'n, and Hell's tremendous Flame,
 These none can open, or can shut but Him.
 Thy Pow'r, in fiery Persecutions show'd,
 Tho' small thy Strength, the Rage of Hell withstood :
 Since in the Storm thy growing Courage rose,
 The op'ning Hours shall smiling Scenes disclose ;
 Nor more shall shut by Clouds of rising Foes.
 The boasted Jews who Satan's Army meet,
 Shall own my Love, and own it at your Feet.
 On Nations round, discharg'd from Thone to Throne,
 The Storm shall fall, but fly from Thee alone.
 When all the driving Tempest roars around,
 The Heav'ns serene and spotless will be found.

BEHOLD I come, with speedy Vengeance come,
 Big with the Joys of Nations, or their Doom :
 Then let thy Faith and Constancy prepare
 The golden Crown and regal Robes to wear.
 A Victor then, the Palm shall grace thy Hand,
 And thou a Pillar in the Temple stand ;
 Secure, sublime, and beauteous thou shalt rise
 To prop and grace the Church within the Skies.
 Thy Vesture, too, the Name of *God* shall wear,
 And that fair City, pendent in the Air ;
 The Offspring of the Skies, and modell'd there ;

And thy new Title glitt'ring on thy Vest,
Shall join a dazling Lustre to the rest.

YE Churches hear, and ponder what is said,
For Depths are here, and boundless Fields are spread.
Laodicea, hear the Great AMEN,
For ever true His Witness will remain ;
And rising at His Word the World began :
I know your Works ; in vain you wou'd conceal
Your dull Indiff'rence, and your languid Zeal ;
Or throw aside the Form, and shew the Cheat,
Or let Devotion raise a vital Heat.
As Water which is free from each Excess
Breaks from the Bosom which it did oppress ;
My Vengeance shall your lifeless Forms explore,
And from My Mouth the nauseous Draught shall pour.
As, when Distraction seizes on the Brain,
The Beggar with imagin'd Wealth is vain ;
His Treasures flow, and Plenty crowns his Board,
He sees his Servants, and he seems a Lord ;
Naked, the Purple Vestments seems to wear,
And every Want is fled, and every Fear ;
So, in the Garments of affected Pride,
The poor and naked Hypocrite is hid :
Blind to himself, his Fancy guilds the Stains
Which strike with Horror, when his Reason reigns.

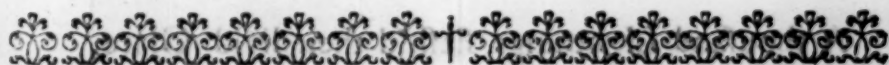
To Me thy Poverty and Wants impart,
My golden Furniture shall grace thy Heart :

Nor

Nor Snow can rival the Celestial Vest
 In which thy naked Spirit shall be drest ;
 Where ev'ry Virtue shall attract the Eye,
 And all the Sister-Graces of the Sky.
 Blind as thou art, My Salve can give Thee Light,
 And pour the heav'nly Object on thy Sight.
 Repent, and kindle up a vig'rous Zeal,
 Believe My Mercy when My Rod you feel.

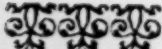
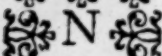

SEE where I stand, and wait your open Breast,
 Not once invited, but a pleading Guest !
 Happy the Man who hears the welcome Sound,
 The KING shall enter ; and, the Table crown'd,
 Celestial Dainties shall regale his Mind ;
 The Food Ambrosia, and the Wine refin'd.
 Tho' vile the Man, with Freedom I will sup,
 The broken Bread bestow, and Purple Cup :
 Soft on his Ear My milky Speech shall flow,
 As gentle Showers, or Drops of heav'nly Dew.
 Who gives his LORD a kind Reception here
 Shall, rapt to *Paradise*, the bridal Supper share.
 The Christian Hero, seated on a Throne,
 Shall reign with Me, and triumph in a Crown.
 My Suff'rings gave the Empire of the Skies.
 And such as die like Me, like Me shall rise :
 Happy, whose pensive Mind shall make him wise.

}





C H A P. IV.




 O R had this Vision glided from my Sight,
 When lo ! the Portals of imperial Light
 Flew open ; and a Sound came rushing on
 Shrill from a Trumpet by an Angel blown :

Ascend and gain the Summitt of the Skies,
 See future Visions present to thine Eyes !
 Rapt, on my Wings, I fann'd the azure Way
 And saw the heav'nly Pavement stretch'd away,
 And rais'd, and trembling with unwearied Rays,
 A burning Throne thro' all the Palace blaze ;
 There sat, majestick, Heav'n's eternal SON,
 Bright as a *Jasper*, and a *Sardine* Stone ;
 A Rainbow bent around its varied Light,
 And like an *Emerald* wav'd upon the Sight.

THE sparkling Seats, in Semi-circles wound,
 On this Side twelve, and twelve on that were found,
 With Arms of Glory, did the Throne embrace,
 And ev'ry Seat a radiant Elder grace ;
 Serene in Look, in Wisdom shewing old,
 With Raiment white, and Crowns of massy Gold :
 Snow on their Heads, but in their Eyes a Fire,
 And Youth Eternal did with Years conspire.

A thousand Lightnings flash'd their livid Glare,
 And round the Throne their glitt'ring Horrors bear.

The

The Thunders wait and murmur for His Hand,
And when He speaks, the rapid Bolts descend,
Dreadful, to wing thro' Heav'n their crimson Way,
And strike the Heart, and melt the Soul away.
These, minister around GOD's awful Seat,
Or sleep, or harmless glide beneath His Feet.
Here Heav'nly Voices rise, and Consorts sing;
Flows ev'ry Tongue, and trembles ev'ry String.

BEFORE the Throne seven living Lamps aspire;
The bright Dispensers of Eternal Fire:
From GOD their kindled Glories ever rise;
The seven exalted Spirits of the Skies.
The Throne, which rose to a stupendous Height,
Beheld an Ocean spreading at its Feet;
The glassy Flood diffus'd its liquid Way,
And Green it floated in a waving Sea.

BUT more amazing Creatures struck my Sight,
Emboss'd with thousand Inlets of the Light;
A Lion with majestick Terror shin'd,
And next, the Offspring of the lowing Kind:
A human Face the following Vision brings,
And, last, an Eagle spread upon its Wings.
Keen were their Eyes; and each (with Pinions hung,
Three on a Side) a sacred Anthem sung;
Nor can the rising or the setting Day
Remark their Silence, or their Raptures stay;

But all the Ether warbles their Applause,
 And all the Hills return their breathing Voice.
 O Holy, Holy, Ever Holy ONE !
 What Pow'r sustains the Basis of Thy Throne !
 Fix'd on Eternity Thy Empire was,
 Before on Space the gay Creation rose,
 A curious Picture, various to the Eye ;
 The same shall be Thy vast Immensity,
 When all the Worlds are blotted from the Sky.

WHILE thus their Praises thro' the Skies resound
 To Him, with Glory, Life, and Honour crown'd,
 Each Elder, rising from his radiant Seat,
 His Crown bestows, and worships at His Feet.
 Before the Throne the glitt'ring Honours fall,
 And on the *Source* of endless Ages call.
 Worthy, for ever, worthy to receive
 The Glory and the Honour which we give !
 All Might, and Majesty to Thee belongs,
 And all the Worship of unfailing Tongues ;
 For by Thy Pow'r was rais'd the lofty World,
 The Stars were kindled, and the Planets whirl'd ;
 The Sun was cloath'd with an imperial Robe,
 And all the Species flock'd upon the Globe :
 Thy Pleasure form'd, Thy Vertue does sustain
 The hanging Orbs, which arch the mighty Plain.



C H A P. V.

A Sacred Volume, next, the SON reveals,
 Whose Leaves were full, and seal'd with
 seven Seals ;

In His Right Hand the sacred Book I saw,
 Whose Throne is high in Heav'n, whose Glories awe.
 An Angel rose, with Heav'nly Vertue strong,
 And with his Voice the ecchoing Arches rung ;
 Who, learn'd in mysttick Figures, shall be chose
 The Book to open, and its Seals unloose ?
 But none in Heav'n, or Earth, nor yet below
 Cou'd spread the Pages, or their Meaning know.

I wept when none was worthy to unfold,
 To read the Lines, or even to behold.
 When first an Elder rose, and wip'd my Eyes,
 And broke the solemn Silence of the Skies :
 See, *Judah's Lion*, fierce, majestick, strong,
 The GOD of *David*, tho' from *David* sprung ;
 And from a Root His Branch has spread the Skies,
 Who made the Root from whence His Branch did rise.
 He has prevail'd the Writing to display,
 The Seals obey His Hand, His Lips the Sense convey.

I look'd, and saw the Likeness of a *Lamb*,
 His Horns were sev'n, His Eyes with Fire did flame ;
 And new from Death the Purple seem'd to stream.

In Glory, glitt'ring on His Throne He sat,
And round the Elders and the Creatures wait :
The Spirits darted from his radiant Eyes
Were seven, and o'er the Earth their Progress flies.
The Volume from the FATHER'S Hand He took,
When the surrounding Forms their Seats forsook ;
A Harp and golden Vial grace their Hand,
Musick from this, and Fumes from that ascend.
The rolling Clouds convey the fervent Pray'rs
Which rise on Incense to the FATHER'S Ears.
Down, prostrate at His Feet themselves they flung,
And, as they worship'd, thus in Raptures sung.
(New were the Words, the Harmony was new,
And round the Skies the melting Measures flew.)

THOU worthy art the Volume to receive,
The Seals to open, and the Meaning give,
For once, a willing Sacrifice, Thy Limbs
Were torn with Wounds, and mark'd with crimson
Streams.

Thy Life was pour'd an Off'ring to thy God,
And Thy Redemption has diffus'd abroad ;
From where the Sun begins to light the Day,
To where his setting Glories die away.
Thy Blood is sprinkled thro' the Universe,
And diff'rent Languages Thy Praise rehearse ;
And various Nations, varied in their Climes,
Distinct in Manners, and in distant Times,
United now, a grateful Chorus rise,
And own the Vertue of Thy Sacrifice ;

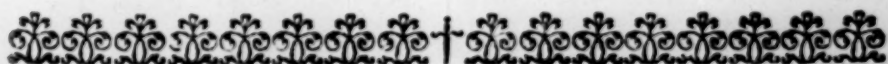
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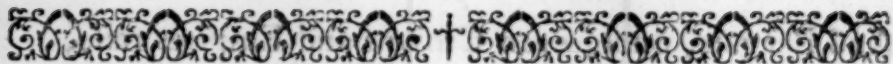
And Beggars, once, even Crowns and Empires raise,
And Ideots, now, are Priests to offer Praise :
The Earth shall be, when from it's Fires releast,
For Kings a Court, and Temple for each Priest.

MILLIONS of Millions sparkle to the Sight,
A spreading Circle of unwearied Light ;
The Musick warbled, or the Glory shone,
Or pierc'd, or wav'd the Ether round the Throne ;
Worthy the LAMB of universal Reign,
Let Glory blaze along His pompous Train,
Who once a bleeding Sacrifice was slain. }
Let Riches pour their Treasures at His Feet,
And Strength eternal fix His endless Seat :
Let Wisdom still conspire, His Name to raise,
With Robes of Majesty, and Hymns of Praise.

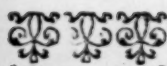
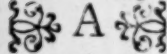


SWIFT as the Musick trembles thro' the Spheres,
The wide Creation catch'd the flying Airs ;
And all the Nations of the peopled Sky,
Or spread on Earth, or gliding thro' the Sea,
Or in the Earth sequester'd Caverns hide,
Join'd in the Melody, and loudly cry'd ;
Eternal Honour, Glory, Pow'r, and Praise,
To HIM that fills the Throne, and JESUS raise.

Amen ! the bowing Animals reply,
The Elders own the LAMB's Eternity ;
Amen, resounds thro' all the vocal Sky ! }





C H A P. VI.

 N D now the Seals began to open wide,
 A  The first was loosen'd, and the Judgments read.
 I saw, and wonder'd when the Lion spoke,
 (His Eyes in Light'ning, Words in Thunder
 broke)

Approach and see: When, rushing on my Sight,
 Arose a furious Steed array'd in White ;
 The Rider ghastly, fatal was his Bow,
 And Terror sat in Triumph on his Brow.
 A Monarch's Crown was plac'd upon his Head,
 And round him Victory Destruction spread.

THE second Volume, next, the LAMB display'd,
 The Vision view, the second Creature said.
 A Crimson-colour'd Horse was next reveal'd,
 Red with the recent Purple of the Field :
 The sitting Hero rode resistless on,
 His glitt'ring Sword with keen Destruction shone ;
 He call'd the growing Thunders of the War,
 And Peace retreated where he did appear :
 A thousand Nations, with his Fury fill'd,
 Tumultuous jar, and vaunt upon the Field.

ANOTHER Seal now broke, the Pages glow,
 And the third Creature call'd me to the Show :

A fable Horse, and from the Rider's Hand
A pair of even Balances depend.
Amidst the Throne a mighty Voice I hear,
Let Wheat be scarce, and measur'd Barley dear;
Of Wheat a Measure shall one Penny claim,
And thrice the Barley shall require the same:
But while the golden Harvest thinly waves
See that your Hand the Vine and Olive saves.

BUT when the next important Seal was broke,
Regard the fourth, the flying Eagle spoke.
Lo, a pale Horse a hideous Spectre guides,
And *Death*, triumphant, on the Courser rides!
Behind the horrid Victor march'd the Grave,
With shadowy Robes, devouring what he gave;
And *Hell*, with Crimson Mantle, bright with Flames,
Along the Ground in dire Procession streams.
One Quarter of the Globe rever'd his Reign,
By Plague, or Famine, or Diseases slain;
Or thrown to feed the Rage of hungry Beasts,
Whose Horns were buried in their bleeding Breasts.

AND now the op'ning Seal the Martyrs shews,
Beneath the Altar's Wings they breathe their Vows;
For GOD they stood, for GOD their Witness bore,
And left their mangled Bodies stain'd with Gore.
Aloud they cry'd; O Ever Holy ONE!
Justice and Truth support Thy lofty Throne;
How long our blameless Blood shall Tyrants spill,
Thy Vengeance silent, and Thy Thunders still?

And

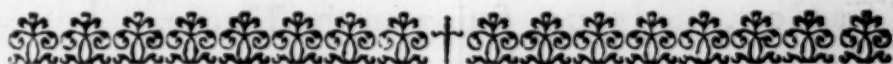
And now their Purple Robes are chang'd for White,
And Rest succeeds the Labours of a Fight ;
Their Numbers and their Joys will be compleat,
When all their Brethren share their glorious Fate.

A sixth, but dreadful, Vision now reveals
More gloomy Horrors from the broken Seals ;
A sudden Earthquake rush'd along the Ground,
And Nature leap'd, and quiver'd at the Sound.
The Sun no more with beauteous Splendor burns,
But in a Sable Robe of Sackcloth mourns ;
The Silver Moon a Sanguine Circle wears,
And thro' the Shades a Globe of Blood appears ;
The Stars forsook their Spheres, and seem'd to fall
Like flaming Comets on the trembling Ball.
A general Storm thro' all the Ether flies,
And shakes the mighty Ruins from the Skies.
So, when a Fig-tree waves before the Wind,
The ripen'd Fruit in sudden Showers descend :
And like a Parchment, which a Writer rolls,
The parting Skies contract in spiral Folds.
The pictur'd Curtain hastens from the Sight,
And opens all the Blaze of endless Light :
Each Island sinks within the boiling Main,
And loosen'd Mountains wander o'er the Plain.


Now mighty Monarchs tremble on their Thrones,
Their Sceptres break, and cast away their Crowns ;
The guilty Statesman lays aside his Lies,
The Rich Man's Coffers melt before his Eyes ;

The famous Captains sink before the Sight,
And all the Strong are weaken'd in their Might ;
Both Bond and Free obey, and Tyrants fear,
Whilst pale Blasphemers sink into Despair.

MILLIONS, now frightened to the Dens and Caves,
Cry to the yawning Rocks to be their Graves ;
Ah ! come ye Mountains, with your friendly Shade,
Or, bowing, fall and crush us to the Dead.
Or rather rise, and form a piteous Shield,
By which the darted Flames may be repell'd,
Which break insufferable from the LAMB,
That all the Skies are redden'd with the Flame.
Fierce from the Throne the fiery Lightnings play,
And Vengeance now effects the dreadful Day !
Before His Wrath, what guilty Wretch shall stand,
When Vallies quiver, and when Mountains bend ?



C H A P. VII.

ND now each Corner of the circling Ball,
An Angel saw the various Winds repell ;
Nor driving Tempests wave the tott'ring
Trees,

Nor sweep the Plains, nor rear the foaming Seas.

ANOTHER Angel rising next I view'd,
And hovering o'er the Eastern Sea he stood ;

The

The Signet of the living GOD he shook,
 And loudly to the list'ning Angels spoke,
 To whom the dreadful Province was assign'd,
 To hurt the Earth and Sea, and stop the Wind :
 Nor let the Land or Ocean feel your Pow'r,
 Nor rooted from their Beds be Forests tore ;
 'Till first the Favourites of GOD are seal'd,
 And ev'ry Forehead wear a sacred Shield.

AND, first, the Tribes of *Israel* were confess'd,
 And happy Thousands with the S. l impress'd :
 Twelve thousand of each Tribe were set apart,
 Whose Mark the vengeful Angel did divert.
 A thousand Nations with a thousand Tongues
 The LAMB encircles in unnumber'd Throngs :
 White were their Robes, Palms flourish'd in their Hands,
 And their united Voice to Heav'n ascends.
 'Tis GOD, 'tis JESUS, sitting on the Throne,
 Who sav'd us all ; let all the *Saviour* own.

ANGELS, adoring, now in Raptures burn
 Around the Throne, and all the Song return ;
 Prostrate they on their humble Faces fall,
 And on the GOD of Heav'n in Worship call :
 All Glory, Blessing, Wisdom, Pow'r and Praise
 To GOD, let your Eternal Songs express.

THEN, 'mongst the Elders, one enquiring said,
 Who are these Saints in snowy Robes array'd ?

Whence

Whence came they here ? Uncertain I reply'd,
 You knowing ask ; nor he my Words deny'd.
 Once bow'd with Trouble, and defil'd with Sin,
 The LAMB has made their filthy Garments clean :
 Wash'd in His Blood, now whiter than the Snow,
 In Heav'nly Light their beamy Garments flow.
 Now GOD has rais'd them to His lofty Throne,
 They view His Glory and His Praises own ;
 Nor, in His Temple, know they Day, or Night,
 For GOD, enthron'd, is ever in their Sight :
 Nor Hunger now, nor Thirst for ever feel,
 Nor from the fiery Sun their Bodies fail ;
 The LAMB shall them to living Fountains lead,
 And by His Hand the Tears of Grief be dry'd.



C H A P. VIII.

HE last, the seventh Seal was open'd now ;
 And all the Angels in Attention bow :
 The golden Harps of Heav'n forgot their Songs,
 And Silence hung on all celestial Tongues.
 For half an Hour the solemn Skies were still,
 And seven seraphick Spirits then reveal
 Seven Silver Trumpets, shining in their Hands,
 And each before the Throne in Order stands.

ANOTHER

ANOTHER Angel near the Altar stood,
 And in his Hand a golden Censer glow'd,
 To whom unmeasur'd Incense was bestow'd ;
 Fum'd from his Censer, forth on spicy Wings,
 Each holy Pray'r to GOD accepted springs :
 His Blood the Incense and the Sacrifice,
 Whose former Off'ring now perfumes the Skies.

THE Angel took the Censer fill'd with Coals
 From off the Altar (whence the Incense rolls
 In fragrant Clouds) and cast it to the Ground ;
 When sudden Lightnings flash'd the Æther round :
 Tumultuous Sounds and Voices did arise,
 And Thunders shook the Regions of the Skies ;
 All Nature shudder'd, and began to quake ;
 The Mountains nodded, and the Vallies brake.

THE Angels, now to sound the Trumps prepare,
 And the first Trump rang dreadful in my Ear ;
 Soon rush'd the rattling Hail upon the Ground,
 And Streams of Blood and Fire were rain'd around.
 The Earth beheld one Third of all her Globe
 Wrapt in the Burnings of a flaming Robe :
 The Trees and Forests crackle in a Blaze,
 And every Herb before the Fire decays.

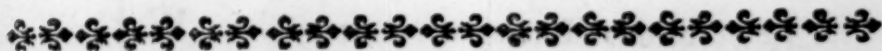
A burning Mountain, pendant in the Air,
 The second Trumpet sounding, did appear ;
 Descending like a pond'rous Comet, down
 Into the dashing Sea it's Weight was thrown.

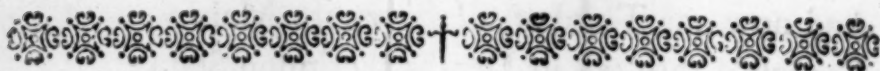
And

And now one Third of all the azure Main
 Confess'd thro' all its Depths a crimson Stain ;
 And ev'ry Fish, within the purple Tide,
 From the infected Ocean sudden dy'd :
 And one third Part of all the lofty Ships
 Was sunk, and perish'd in the blushing Deep.

WHEN the third Trumpet pierc'd th' ethereal Waste,
 Sudden, a falling Star like Light'ning past ;
 Or like a Torch thro' all it's Passage glow'd,
 'Till on one Third, the bright Destruction stood,
 Of ev'ry bubbling Fountain, and impetuous Flood.
 It's Name was *Wormwood* ; and the bitter Tide
 Convey'd Infection, and unnumber'd dy'd.

WHEN the fourth Trumpet gave the breathing Strain,
 The Sun was darken'd in it's golden Reign ;
 The Silver-mantled Moon dishonour'd shone,
 And but one Third of all the Stars were shewn :
 The languid Day a horrid Tempest spread,
 The Night was in a deeper Gloom array'd.
 And now an Angel, borne upon his Wings,
 Thro' the wide Heav'ns, his Voice exalted, springs ;
 Thrice future Woes were thunder'd from his Tongue,
 And all the vaulted Skies resounding rung :
 Woe to the Earth ; ye trembling Nations fear,
 When the remaining Trumpets pierce the Air.





C H A P. IX.

* * * HEN the fifth Angel pour'd the ratt'ling Sound
 * W * A Star from Heav'n fell, rapid, to the Ground ;
 * * * A Key he held of that remote Abyss
 Where Darknes hovers o'er th' unfathom'd Seas :
 Whence, as he open'd the tremendous Vault,
 Thick Smoke in Volumes did the Sight assault :
 As a wide burning Furnace pours on high
 Its smoaky Pillars on the darken'd Sky ;
 So rose the heavy Gloom, to shade the Sun,
 And thro' the blacken'd Air it languid shone.

SWIFT, *Locusts* rose in Armies on the Smoke,
 And o'er the Ground their wasteful Progress took.
 Such was their Pow'r, like *Scorpions* was their Sting ;
 But ev'ry Herb, and ev'ry verdant Thing,
 With ev'ry Tree, was sheilded from their Pow'r ;
 All, but the Men whose Fronts no Signal wore.
 To hurt they were allow'd, but none they kill'd,
 And five successive Months their Rage fulfill'd.
 Such was their Stings, and such the thrilling Smart
 As *Scorpions* strike from their offensive Part.
 To Death the wounded Mortals did resort,
 But Death in vain with weeping Eyes they court.

LIKE furious Horses, when array'd for War,
 With Looks of Men, the *Locusts* did appear.

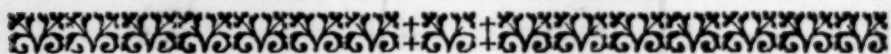
Gold were their Crowns, their Hair like Womens flowd,
 And sharp their horrid Teeth like Lions stood.
 They wore before their Breasts an Iron Shield,
 Like those which gleamy flash along the Field.
 As sounds the rattling Chariots o'er the Plain,
 Stain'd with the sprinkled Purple of the Slain ;
 So, noisy flapp'd, successive, all their Wings,
 And all their Tails were sharpen'd into Stings.
 Five Months their Smart and Poison they infuse,
 The great Destroyer for their King they chuse ;
 From the low Pit without a Bottom, sprung,
 And nam'd *Abaddon*, in the Hebrew Tongue.

ONE Woe is past, and two are wanting more ;
 Hear the sixth Angel's fiercer Musick pour.
 A Voice, between the Altar's Horns, I heard,
 The Golden Altar which in Heav'n appear'd,
 To the last sounding Angel : See you loose
 The Angels bound where great *Euphrates* flows.
 At once, unbound, their Armour they prepare,
 To fight an Hour, a Day, a Month, a Year,
 'Till one third Part of Men shou'd dye the Plain,
 Before two hundred Million Horsemen slain.

HORSES I saw, and Horsemen thus array'd,
 Unwearied Fire upon their Breast-plates play'd ;
 Here a pale *Jacinth* shot its languid Flames,
 And Brimstone fum'd around its sulph'rous Steams.
 The Steeds had Lions Heads ; and Streams of Fire
 With Smoke and Brimstone, from their Mouths aspire.

Their Heads and Tails alike were arm'd to hurt,
Their Tails had Heads of a pernicious Sort.

NOR cou'd these Judgments make the Rest repent,
Or leave the Idols which they did invent :
Preserv'd from Death, their handy Works they serv'd,
And unto Devils in Devotion swerv'd.
Their Gold and Silver, shap'd into a God,
And Idols carv'd of Brass, or Stone, or Wood,
They bow'd before; who neither see nor walk,
Nor hear, nor can in Revelations talk.
Impenitent, their Hands with Murders stain'd,
For all the Arts of Sorcery arraign'd ;
Whom Fornication's lewder Scenes pollute,
And Theft and Rapine is their vile Pursuit ;
Still unrelenting they their Crimes retain
Amidst the neighbouring Horrors of the Slain.



C H A P. X.

AND now I saw a mighty Angel fly
Adown the bright Expansion of the Sky ;
Around him spread the Vesture of a Cloud,
And o'er his Head a shining Rainbow glow'd ;
Distinct with all the varied Lines of Light,
And like the Sun his Countenance was bright.
His Feet like fiery Pillars seem'd to stand,
And a small Book was open'd in his Hand ;

His

His right Foot on the spreading Sea was plac'd,
And with his left the solid Ground he press'd.
Loud was his Voice, fierce as a Lion's Roar,
And when he speaks impetuous Thunders pour.

WHEN the seven mighty Thunders spent their Noise,
I would have wrote, but heard a heav'nly Voice ;
Seal up the Mysteries the Thunders spoke,
Nor yet reveal their Meaning in a Book.

AND next I saw the Angel lift his Hand,
The Angel, who on Earth and Sea did stand ;
High to the Heav'n, and with an Oath he swore,
By the Eternal and Immortal Power,
Which form'd the Heav'ns and all their sparkling Host,
The Earth and all the Creatures it can boast ;
Diffus'd the azure Mansions of the Main,
And all the Tribes which cut the wat'ry Plain ;
By the Creator *God*, he solemn swore,
That Day should end, and Time should be no more.
When the seventh Trumpet breathes the driving Blast
Then dying Nature shall expire her last ;
Those Myst'ries, long in Prophecies conceal'd,
Unravell'd, shall appear to all fulfill'd.

THEN spoke again the sacred Voice, and said,
Take the small Book whose shining Leaves are spread
Within his Hand who treads the Earth and Sea :
I ask'd, he gave ; Eat it I heard him say,

'Twill first like Honey o'er the Tongue descend,
But bitter in the Bowels it will end.

I eat, and sweet like Honey first it flow'd,
But all in Gall within my Stomach stood.

Then he reply'd ; again my Warnings bear,
Nor diff'rent Tribes of Men nor Monarchs fear.



C H A P. XI.

❀❀❀ HILE on the Earth and Sea the Angel stood,
 ❀❀❀ W A Reed was like a measuring Rod bestow'd ;
 ❀❀❀ Rife, said the following Voice with loud Command,
 This round the tow'ring Temple must extend,
 The Altar and its Worshipers to try ;
 The Court without shall still unmeasur'd lie
 Since 'tis by Heav'n's Decree the Gentile's Claim.
 And Thou, fair City of unrival'd Fame,
 Tho' once the glitt'ring Fav'rite of the Sky,
 Down-trampl'd, in dishonouring Dust shall lie,
 'Till, two and forty Times, fair *Cynthia* plies
 Her Silver Circle thro' the gleemy Skies.

To my two Witneses I grant a Pow'r
 Twelve hundred Days and threescore to deplore,
 While, in sad Sackcloth cloath'd, they prophesy
 Th' Events wrapt up in deep Futurity.
 These are the branching Trees with Olives crown'd,
 And these the Candlesticks that flame around,

In the bright Presence of Earth's dreadful God,
Whose Pow'r sustains the Vertues he bestow'd.
Woe to the hapless Mortal that molests
My chosen Fav'rites, with my high Behests ;
Streams of fierce Fire, that from their Lips proceed,
Shall swift-devouring join him to the Dead.
These, thro' the Space for their prophetick Pow'r,
Can close the Clouds, and stop th' impending Show'r ;
Make the clear Streams with blushing Crimson flow,
Smite with each Plague, and wound with every Woe.

WHEN their great Embassys are all compleat,
Then, wreaking from th' unfathomable Pit,
Th' ascending Beast shall wage victorious War,
And feast, with monstrous Rage, on guiltless Gore.
In that great City, where our *Lord* was slain,
The bleeding Saints shall all the Streets distain ;
For half a Week shall gath'ring Nations view
Their Forms, all mangled, in their Crimson Hue ;
Deny'd the decent Covering of a Grave :
While mirthful Tribes shall mutual Gifts receive ;
Boasting their great Deliv'rance from their Pain,
And make inglorious Triumph over the Slain.

BUT, soon the destin'd Season shall expire,
And Life from *God* the breathless Saints inspire :
Rais'd, and transform'd, with such stupendous Light,
As trembling strikes thro' each Beholder's Sight.

Then from the Mansions of Celestial Bliss
 A Voice, loud-sounding, call'd them to the Skies :
 The Saints, in Sight of all their wond'ring Foes,
 Wrap'd in a radiant Cloud, triumphant rose.
 While some great Earthquake, from the Vaults profound,
 Groans out aloud, and heaves the trembling Ground ;
 'Till with strong-Strugglings, it outrageous grows,
 Breaks, bursting round, on Crowds of impious Foes ;
 And Thousands down to dread Destruction throws. }
 One Tenth of all the City, with its Tow'rs,
 The cleaving Ground with hideous Jaws devours :
 While all th' affrighted Remnant, bow'd in Praise,
 Strait to the *God* of Heav'n their Voices raise.

Two dreadful Woes now past, the third prepares
 Scenes still more dreadful thro' the trembling Spheres.
 As the last-lifted Blast was pour'd around,
 And Nature's Realms all started at the Sound,
 Loud-winding down, Celestial Voices ring,
 And speak the Reign of Heav'n's Eternal *King* :
 Empires and Worlds, beneath His Sov'reign Sway,
 Shall, endless as His boundless Pow'r, obey.

THEN with dread Rev'rence all the Elders rose
 From their high Seats (while each adoring bows)
 And prostrate on their humble Faces fall,
 As loud on *Him* that fills the Throne they call.
 Glory, to GOD Omnipotent, was rais'd,
 And Heav'n's vast Realms all eccho'd as they prais'd ;
 Eternal

Eternal Pow'r, and Majesty, Thy Throne
And wond'ring Worlds of Saints and Seraphs own.
Now that the threat'ned Hour of Wrath is come,
And angry Nations, trembling, dread their Doom :
The Dead, all waking to the great Affize,
Shall from Death's dark Repositories rise.
Crowns, ever-glitt'ring, shall Thy Saints sustain,
And wreath'd with Rays Thy dazling Prophets shine :
While on each murd'rous Breast, as Justice claims,
Tremendous Fire shall point its wrathful Flames ;
Nor more the Ground, long dy'd with guiltless Blood,
Cries in the Ears of Earth's avenging God.

SCARCE ceas'd their circling Praise, when to my Eyes
Aside was drawn the Curtain of the Skies ;
And Heav'n's Eternal Temple, op'ning wide,
The Ark of God's New-Testament display'd.
While rending from the Clouds, in winding Streaks
And hizing Forks, the livid Lightning breaks :
Voices aloud thro' Heav'n's wide Arches rung,
And startling Peals of Thunder roar'd along ;
Earthquakes, beneath the tott'ring Mountains, groan ;
And monstrous Hailstones, rattling round, were thrown.





C H A P. XII.

Mighty Sign in Heav'n I next admir'd,
 A Woman with the beamy Sun attir'd ;
 Beneath her Feet was sunk the Silver Moon,
 And for her Head twelve Stars compos'd a Crown.
 Pregnant, she cry'd, with cruel Throws oppress'd,
 And travailing pungent Pains her Child confess'd.

ANOTHER Wonder next amaz'd the Skies,
 A Dragon fiery red began to rise ;
 Seven crowned Heads in frightful Order rose,
 Ten bending Horns aspir'd upon his Brows :
 His sweepy Tail, prodigious to the View,
 One third of all the Heav'nly Bodies drew ;
 Down to the Earth the vivid Glories flew. }
 Fierce to the Woman's Sight the Dragon flood,
 Eager to make the springing Child his Food ;
 The Babe was born, and Nations torn descend
 Beneath the Monarch's Iron Rod to bend.
 Caught up by *God*, the Royal Child was hid
 By Heav'n's high Throne ; the frighted Mother fled
 To a wild Defart, and receiv'd her Food
 Twelve hundred sixty Days, prepar'd by *God*.

Now War upon the Heav'nly Plain began,
 The Host with *Michael* blazing at their Van ;

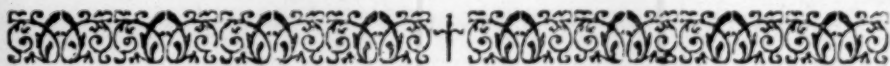
While

While the fierce Dragon led his Angels on,
Whose Rebel-Pow'rs at once were overthrown :
Eras'd from Heav'n, their shining Place was lost,
Headlong he fell, and all his fainting Host :
That ancient Serpent, who deceives the World,
Was on the Earth in flaming Ruin hurl'd.

Soon a loud Voice, descending from the Spheres,
Proclaim'd Salvation in my joyful Ears.
Now Strength resistless led the Victor on,
And the Great God asserts His regal Throne ;
The Pow'r of *Christ* eternal Trophies gains,
The false Accuser gnaws his endless Chains ;
Who, to their *God*, unwearied in his Spight,
Defam'd the holy Brethren Day and Night.
But now victorious thro' the *Saviour's* Blood,
And by their Witness to the Word of *God* ;
To die impatient, prodigal they gave
Their hated Lives to Him Who dy'd to save.
Ye Heav'ns rejoice ! and all the sacred Quires,
Let Notes of Rapture animate your Lyres ;
But to the Tribes of Earth and Sea be Woe,
For Satan comes in all his Wrath to you :
Tho' short his Time, his Wrath the more intense,
Will rage around with fiercer Influence.

BUT when the Dragon saw his foul Defeat,
The Woman felt his persecuting Heat ;
But Angels fix'd Her for a trackless Flight,
On Eagles Wings She left the Serpent's Sight ;

A Time, and Times, and half a Time She lives,
 And in a lonely WASTE Her Food receives.
 His Impotence of Spight the Serpent shew'd,
 As from his Mouth he spouts a spreading Flood :
 In vain he fought the Woman to o'erflow,
 The gaping Earth receiv'd the Flood below ;
 Which made the Dragon's baffled Wrath to glow.
 The Remnant of Her Seed receiv'd his Rage,
 With these he strove a fatal War to wage ;
 Whose Lives are form'd by Heav'n's exact Commands,
 And true to *Christ* the noble Army stands.



C H A P. XIII.

NOW on a shining sandy Beach I stood,
 And saw a Beast emerging from the Flood ;
 Seven hideous Heads upon his Shoulders hung,
 From whence ten Horns, with Crowns, tremendous
 sprung :

Upon each Head the Name of Blasphemy
 In direful Characters inscrib'd I see.
 His Body spotted like a Leopard rose,
 And the fierce Lion lour'd upon his Brows.
 Shap'd were his Feet, wide-spreading, like a Bear's ;
 The Dragon's dire Authority he wears,
 Fix'd in his Seat ; But soon a wounded Head
 Hung breathless down, and seem'd for ever dead.

REVIV'D,

REVIV'D, and heal'd, the quick'ned Part arose,
And all the World in wond'ring Homage bows ;
The Dragon, which advanc'd him to his Throne,
But most the Beast, the stupid Nations own :
Their loud Applauses ring along the Air ;
Can any with the mighty Beast compare ?
Can any meet Him in an equal War ?
Great boasting Words of Blasphemy he spoke,
And two and forty Months the Nations wore his Yoke :
Loud Blasphemies were utter'd from his Tongue,
On God, and Heav'n, and all the sacred Throng.
To fight and overcome the Saints 'twas giv'n,
And Pow'r o'er all the Nations under Heav'n :
Worship'd by all the circling Tribes below,
Whose Names the shining Pages cannot show,
Held by the *Lamb* ; who, e'er the Mountains rose,
To bleed a destin'd Sacrifice was chose.

ATTEND, if any have an Ear to hear,
My Counsels ponder, and my Sayings clear.
See, those who now the trembling Captives lead,
Captives themselves behind the Victors tread :
The famous Conquerors, with Murder stain'd,
Destroy'd themselves ; their vital Purple drain'd :
Try'd now, their Faith and Patience to encrease,
The Saints their vanquish'd Enemies shall hiss.

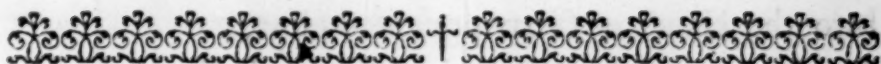
Now from the Earth another Beast arose,
Horns like a Lamb's depended on his Brows ;

But


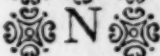

But like a Dragon, with a hideous Sound,
 His roaring Voice the lab'ring Ear did wound.
 From the first Beast an equal Pow'r he held,
 And all the subject Tribes of Men compell'd
 To worship him, whose deadly Wound was heal'd.
 His lying Wonders fright the World around,
 And Fire from Heav'n strikes flashing on the Ground:
 Call'd by his Word, the rapid Lightnings play
 Fierce on the blasted Sight, and strike Dismay.

By these false Miracles Mankind possest,
 He bad them make an Image to the Beast ;
 And soon as was the stupid Statue form'd,
 Speech mov'd its Tongue, and Life the Figure warm'd ;
 And all who wou'd not worship it were hurl'd
 By various Modes of Torture from the World.
 He made his Mark on ev'ry Forehead rise,
 Or each Right Hand the mystick Figure tries ;
 And none without the Signal sells or buys.
 Eternal Wisdom shall adorn his Fame,
 Whose piercing Mind can penetrate the Name ;
 The Number of the Beast, and Men the same.
 Six hundred sixty six the Name displays ;
 'Tis Labour only can unwind the Maze.





C H A P. XIV.


OW *Zion's* lofty Mountain struck my Sight,

N And a *LAMB* stood conspicuous on it's Height;

Before whose Presence, in a shining Crowd,
A hundred forty four of Thousands stood.

His *FATHER's* Name upon their Foreheads glow'd,
And Heav'n resounded with a Voice aloud ;
Like many Waters beating on the Shore,
Or as the Thunder's deep impetuous Roar :
And Heav'nly Harps, melodious in their Wires,
Confess'd the Fingers of celestial Quires :
In tender Accents, flowing from their Tongue,
Dissolv'd the Sweetness of a sacred Song.

THE new Devotion warbled round the Throne,
And where the Animals and Elders shone :
But the soft Mazes of the mystick Sound
By chosen Myriads only were unwound :
The happy Thousands from the Earth redeem'd,
Musick as matchless as their Subject claim'd.
From the defiling Charms of Women free,
These have preserv'd their Virgin Purity :
The strict Attenders of the leading *LAMB*,
Who, wheresoe'er he goes, their Progress aim.
Like the first Off'rings of a fruitful Year,
Ripen'd with Heav'nly Charms the Saints appear ;

Into

Into the Hands of GOD presented glow,
And bend a Wreath around the Saviour's Brow.
Before the Throne their spotless Spirits stand,
Nor from their hallow'd Mouths can Guile ascend.

THRO' Heav'ns wide Arch an Angel, on his Wings,
Down with the everlasting Gospel springs,
To all the various Sons of Men to preach,
His Words aloud thro' ecchoing Kingdoms reach ;
The one Eternal DEITY revere,
Let your high Praises rise into his Ear ;
For now attend, the dark, the destin'd Hour
When His big Vengeance shall in Judgments pour.
Adorn'd with Stars, He bent the spacious Sky,
The Earth He moulded, and He pour'd the Sea ;
And at His Word, fresh bubbling from their Source,
The Waters wander in a crystal Course.

AN Angel spoke, his Words with Thunders swol'n,
Great *Babylon* is fal'n, forever fal'n ;
Charm'd by the Wine which laugh'd within her Cup
The Nations drank the Draught of Pleasure up :
At whose deep Bottom filthy Dregs are seen,
Whose odious Bitterness revenge their Sin.

Now follow'd a third Angel on his Wings,
Thro' Heav'n's wide Vault his Voice resounding rings ;
Who to the Beast, or to his Image bends,
A Cup of Wrath shall tremble in his Hands :
Unmix'd with Joy, the blushing Draught shall flow,
And in his Cup of Indignation glow.

The

The guilty Mark, whose Head or Forehead wears,
 Oblig'd, shall swallow down the scalding Tears ;
 Rolling in Lakes of Fire the Wretch shall mourn,
 Where unrelenting Seas of Brimstone burn :
 While Angels, bending from their sacred Thrones,
 But most the *Lamb*, shall smile upon their Groans.

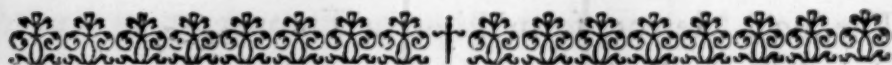
SEE ! from their tortur'd Limbs the Smoke arise,
 And in Eternal Volumes cloud the Skies ;
 Restless, both Day and Night, th' unwearied Fire
 Shall pierce their Pores, and o'er their Flesh aspire.
 Permitted now, my patient Saints they try,
 Who firm obey their *God*, and on His *Son* rely.

Now, on the Wings of Heav'nly Melody,
 A Voice descends ; For ever blest who die
 Safe in the Sacrifice of *Christ* immur'd ;
 Their Labours finish'd, and their Rest secur'd :
 Their Works shall follow, a triumphant Train,
 And speak them welcome to the sacred Plain.

THUS spoke the Spirit ; when upon my Eyes
 A Cloud of Glory whiten'd thro' the Skies ;
 The lucid Meteor, form'd into a Throne,
 Contain'd the Presence of th' Eternal SON :
 The Semblance of the *Son* of *Man* He bore,
 And flaming on His Head a Crown He wore ;
 The Golden Ensign of His regal Pow'r.
 As from His Hand a glitt'ring *Scyth* depends,
 An Angel from the Heav'nly Dome descends,

To Him who sat majestick on the Cloud ;
 Moving he spoke, submissive, yet aloud ;
 See, the ripe Harvest, nodding for the Fall,
 Thro' the wide Fields of Earth for reaping call !
 Soon thro' the Globe the golden Harvest bow'd,
 And own'd the *Sickle* of the reaping GOD.

ANOTHER Angel did from Heav'n descend,
 With a sharp *Sickle* bent within his Hand ;
 To him an Angel from the Altar spoke,
 Who rules the Fire, and bids the Incense smoke ;
 Let on the Earth's wide Vines thy *Sickle* fall,
 Whose Clusters, thick, with ripen'd Juices swell.
 Swift, at his Word, upon the Earth decline
 The loaded Tendrels of the falling Vine :
 The gather'd Grapes, without the City trod,
 Fill'd the great Wine-Press of the Wrath of God.
 Six Hundred Furlongs to a Thousand add,
 And learn the Space the floating Purple spread :
 As a tall Steed exalts his foaming Rein,
 So, high in Blood the swelling Torrent ran ;
 Press'd from the Vintage on the neighb'ring Plain.



C H A P. XV.



NOTHER Sign, now op'ning from the Skies,
 Big with a Train of Wonders, struck my Eyes ;
 Seven Angels, and their final Plagues were sev'n,
 Full of the Vengeance due from angry Heav'n.

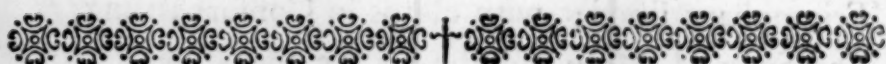
Now ,

Now, by the rapid Rage of Fire subdu'd,
The Earth dissolv'd into a glassy Flood ;
Upon whose Surface ran, in rising Spires,
The glitt'ring Flames of All-destroying Fires.
On the bright Floor, the Beast who overcame,
His Image, Mark, and Number of his Name,
Triumphant stood ; with Harps in Consort strung,
The Song of *Moses* and the LAMB they sung.

WHAT Majesty and Wonders do combine
In all Thy Works, Almighty GOD, to shine ?
While Truth and Justice, seen in all Thy Ways,
Conspire, Thou *King* of Saints, to speak Thy Praise !
Thrice Holy *Lord*, in Sanctity supreme,
Who shall refuse to fear, or shout Thy Name ?
When crowding Nations shall in Worship come,
Big with Thy Fame, and shiver at their Doom ;
Now manifest, in dreadful Plagues on some.

THE Heav'nly Temple, with the Ark inclos'd,
New Scenes of Glory to my Sight oppos'd ;
Seven Angels, with as many Plagues, arose,
And Glory shone around their beauteous Brows :
About their Breasts a golden Girdle wound,
Their snowy Garments floated on the Ground.
Each in his Hand a golden Vial held,
Giv'n by an Animal, with Fury fill'd ;
The Wrath of Him, whose unrelenting Ire
Shall thro' Eternity diffuse its Fire.

SUDDEN in Clouds of Smoke the Temple lay,
 Which stain'd the Visage of Celestial Day ;
 From the fierce Glory of th' Almighty Pow'r
 None, who durst enter, cou'd himself secure :
 But each the sacred Mansion was forbid,
 'Till ev'ry Vial on the Earth was shed.



C H A P. XVI.

LOUD from the Temple, now, a Voice I heard,
 Which the wing'd Messengers of Wrath
 rever'd ;

Depart, and empty on the trembling Ball
 The Woes of GOD, which from the Vials fall.
 Soon at the Sound the first obedient sprung,
 And thro' the Earth the liquid Vengeance flung ;
 And nauseous Plagues on putrid Mortals hung,
 Who wore the Mark peculiar to the Beast,
 Or to his Image their Desires address.

THE second pour'd his Vial on the Main,
 And flush'd its Waters with a sanguine Stain ;
 Dark as the Purple of a Mortal slain.
 No more the Fish, affected by the Change,
 Cou'd breathe, or thro' the denser Medium range :
 But all at once in ev'ry Kind expir'd,
 Choak'd with the Flood, or in their Motion tir'd.

AN Angel next, the Springs and Currents stain'd,
 Affected by the Vial which it drain'd ;
 The Rivers all in bloody Torrents wound,
 And bubbling Fountains boil'd in Blood around.
 Then spoke the winged Ruler of the *Sea*
 Thou boundless *Parent* of Eternity !
 Who see'st the Stream of Time for ever flow,
 But art the Present, Past, and Future *Now*.
 Sharp is Thy Vengeance, but Thy Justice clear,
 Still meriting our Praise the more severe ;
 Thy Saints and Prophets Blood once stain'd the Hands
 Of those, whose Drink a bloody Draught descends :
 Almighty GOD, another Angel said,
 Thy Truth and Justice shine to all display'd !

Now the fourth Angel shed his Vial on
 The blazing Body of the shining Sun :
 Soon, from the vivid Source of endless Fire,
 The scorching Rays the fervent Air inspire ;
 On Man the scalding Heat unrival'd reigns,
 Parch'd all their Flesh, and glow'd along their Vines ;
 Yet still their impious Tongues refuse to own
 The GOD, whom Blasphemies confess alone :
 Nor did Repentance glorify that Pow'r
 Which made the Sun, and bid its Flames devour.

ONE Vial next upon the Beast descends,
 And, big with Horror, scatter'd thro' his Lands,

Soon, the thick Volumes of Eternal Night
Spread thro' his Realms, and hung before the Light ;
While all his Subjects grope for Day in vain,
And gnaw their Tongues, and writhe their Limbs for
Pain :

No Tears of Penitence diffuse their Eyes,
Nor hears their Maker but their Blasphemies.

WHERE great *Euphrates* rolls it's Silver Course
Another Vial pour'd it's baneful Force ;
The mighty Torrent vanish'd in a Cloud,
And left the Channel gaping for it's Flood.
A Way for Eastern Kings was now prepar'd,
Whose Progress, once, the rapid Stream debarr'd.

Now breath'd the Dragon, from his impious Mouth,
A Fiend unclean, an Enemy to Truth ;
And one the Beast, and one the Prophet gave,
Who from their Throats, ascended, like a Grave :
As from the Fens the Frog elastick leaps,
So rose the hideous Spirits from their Lips ;
His Ministers, who rules the Vaults of Woe,
A Pow'r of working Miracles they shew ;
Inspire the Earthly Monarchs into Rage,
And madly push, th' *Almighty* to engage :
To gather Armies, and expect the Day
When GOD, descending, shall His Pow'r display.
Tho' gather'd then in *Armageddon's* Field,
Their stubborn Malice will be made to yield.

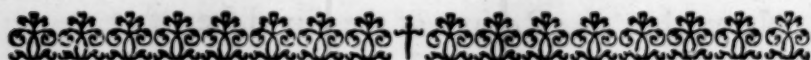
Nor

Nor fear the Saints the raging of the Fiends,
Behold, the Majesty of CHRIST descends !

As wrapt in Midnight Scenes, the Thief invades
And wakes the sleeping House, and Horror spreads ;
So, breaking all in Glory from the Skies,
His Presence steals on undiscerning Eyes.
For ever blest the Man who seems to hear
The piercing Trump, and see his LORD appear ;
Whose Soul, for ever drest in Garments clean,
No Nakedness displays, nor Spots of Sin :
Nor Shame, nor Horror, Terror, nor Surprise,
Change on his Cheeks, nor vary in his Eyes.

Now thro' the Regions of the Air dispers'd,
The seventh concluding Vial is revers'd ;
When soon a Voice, loud thund'ring from the Throne,
Proclaim'd the dreadful Course of Judgments done.
Then sudden Sounds in various Murmurs rose,
And Clouds of Darknes lour'd on Nature's Brows ;
Thro' whose deep Gloom amazing Thunders roll,
And Light'nings ran in Streaks from Pole to Pole.
Nor shook the Storm alone th' Etherial Hall,
But, pent in Caverns, rack'd the quivering Ball ;
The rending Earth, and heaving Seas proclaim'd
Dissolving Nature, and a World unfram'd :
Nor, since the hapless Race of Men begun,
Thro' all the Earth, have such Commotions run.

SEE, mighty *Rome* three gaping Wounds divide,
 See, trembling Cities all around subside !
 Ah ! impious *Babylon*, what Vengeance now
 Rolls in your Cup, and longs to overflow ?
 But see, the clouded Pillars of the Skies,
 Vast wandring Mountains, vanish from our Eyes !
 Uneven Nature level'd to a Plain,
 And Islands sinking in the restless Main.
 Sent from the sluicy Skies, big Hailstones bound,
 Large as a Talent, from the ratt'ling Ground :
 But unrelenting Men sustain the Shock,
 And Heav'n's amazing Wrath blaspheming mock.



C H A P. XVII.

THE different Scenes of Vengeance thus display'd,
 Approach, an Angel of the Vials said,
 And see the Judgments rip'ning for the Whore,
 Who sits where circling Oceans wash the Shore:
 Who, with affected Pageantry attir'd,
 Has many Kings with false Devotion fir'd ;
 Thro' all the World Idolatry diffus'd,
 Improv'd their Ignorance, and Faith abus'd ;
 Address'd the Nations of the giddy Crowd,
 While subject Reason to her Dictates bow'd :
 'Till all the Nations, with her Poison drunk,
 In deep Stupidity supinely sunk.

THEN,

THEN, by the Spirit in my Visions led,
 A Wilderness around in Landskip spread ;
 Where, drest in scarlet Hue, a Beast arose,
 And Blasphemy was printed on his Brows.
 Upon his Head ten spiry Horns were bound,
 A gaudy Female on his Back I found ;
 Her scarlet Robes with golden Figures rais'd,
 And o'er her Purple scatter'd Jewels blaz'd.
 Within her Hands a golden Goblet glow'd,
 Where, to the Brim, enchanting Liquor flow'd ;
 But Seeds of Poison at the Bottom lurk'd,
 Swell'd on the Tongue, and thro' the Vitals work'd.
 High on her Front was wrote, in Letters clear,
Great Babylon and Mystery are here ;
Me ev'ry Prostitute a Mother owns,
And all the Earth with my Pollution groans.
 The Blood of martyr'd Saints her Hands did stain,
 Glow'd in her Cheeks, and madden'd all her Brain :
 Drunk with unmeasur'd Draughts of righteous Gore ;
 But yet, unsatisfy'd, she long'd for more.

IN the big Transports of a wond'ring Mind,
 What mean thy Tumults, said my sacred Friend ?
 Soon shall the Maze, unravel'd to thy Eyes,
 Dissolve thy Doubts, and lessen thy Surprise.
 The gorgeous Woman, and the scarlet Beast,
 Are real Truths in Images exprest :
 The Figures soon shall vanish into Air,
 But Time shall what they represent declare.

THE Beast, thou saw'st ascending on the Plain,
 And once discover'd to admiring Men,
 Tho' now conceal'd in an obscure Retreat,
 Again shall leave the deep infernal Pit ;
 And, from the Wonder of a mad'ning World,
 Back to the bottomless Abyss be hurl'd.
 Then all whose Names were never wrote in Heav'n,
 Long e'er the restless Wheels of Time were driven,
 Shall at his everlasting Fall admire,
 And rage with all the Impotence of Ire.
 Now try the Wisdom of your piercing Mind,
 And all the Force of your Invention bend :

THE branching Heads which o'er the Monster tow'r,
 Denote the Seat of universal Pow'r ;
 The Hills of mighty *Rome*, on which arise
 It's lofty Buildings, and affect the Skies.
Seven mysttick Monarchs here in Emblem reign,
 And *five* the dusky Realms of Death retain :
 The *one*, his Pomp of Majesty displays,
 The *other* waits the Whirl of future Days ;
 And when he rises on the Stage of Time
 The destin'd Hours shall quickly ravish him.
 The Beast, the eighth imaginary King,
 Shall from the seven his Root of Empire spring.

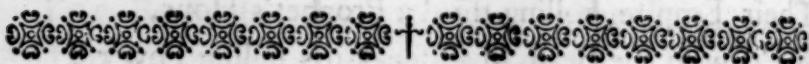
EACH Horn, which scatters a majestick Shade,
 Denotes a Prince for future Scepters made.

Their


Their Empire, rolling thro' a Prophet's Hour,
 Shar'd with the Beast, shall speak it's failing Pow'r :
 One Mind shall all their kingly Spirits fire,
 And to one Arm the Strength of all retire :
 By the keen Stings of Vengeance hurried on
 To push their mad Attempts upon the Son.
 Their sudden Armies round the Beast shall flow,
 And vanish in an endless Overthrow :
 Unequal to the Vengeance of the LAMB,
 The Monarch of the universal Frame :
 By their resistless Piety subdu'd,
 Who faithful Combatants for JESUS stood.

THE *Sea*, which, varied with unnumber'd Waves,
 Smiles in a Calm, or with a Tempest raves,
 On which the Strumpet fair in Triumph floats,
 The Tribes and Numbers of Mankind denotes ;
 Triumphant now, but destin'd to be torn,
 Devour'd, and burnt by each offended Horn :
 For this Agreement of the raging Kings
 From GOD's irrevocable Counsel springs ;
 And all the Service to the Beast they yield,
 Conspires to speak His Prophecies fulfill'd.
 - - - The Woman, *Rome* to thy Remembrance brings ;
 The haughty Mistress of adoring Kings.





C H A P. XVIII.

OW from the golden Palaces above,
I saw an Angel, deck'd with Glory, move ;
The Lightnings of his gay illustrious Robe
Kindled Celestial Day upon the Globe :

Before Him Might and endless Terror went,
And his resounding Voice the Welkin rent.
Great *Babylon*, ambitious in her Height,
Is sunk, and crush'd by her enormous Weight ;
Her stately Palaces in Rubbish lay ;
Her polish'd Ruins choak up every Way :
Nor mortal Feet thro' all her Streets are heard,
But gliding Ghosts and evil Spirits fear'd :
Here Birds obscene, as to a Cage, resort,
Light on the gilded Roofs, and thro' the Chambers sport,
For all the World has drank her wanton Wine,
Or to fierce Fires of Wrath the Victims been.
Her sparkling Ornaments, and painting Arts
Have snatch'd from Kings their captivated Hearts ;
Her Priests, by their religious Cheats, have gain'd
Incessant Gifts, and all the Nations drain'd.

THEN from the Skies a Voice descended down ;
Depart my Saints from the devoted Town,
Left in your tainted Breasts, Infection drawn,
You share the Vengeance ripe for her alone.

Her

Her Crimes have reach'd the All-attending Ears
Of Him who still remembers what He hears :
Her Plagues the Semblance of her Sins shall wear,
One Cup she gave, but two shall be her Share.
What tho' exalted in luxurious Pride,
Her self she worship'd and she glorify'd ;
Proportion'd Sorrows shall those Pleasures pall,
And her ambitious Height encrease her Fall.
Tho' crowding Joys her impious Heart elate,
And all the Queen is shewn in all her State ;
Nor future Widowhood, nor Grief she fears,
But all in Ease expects the smiling Years ;
One gloomy Day shall all her Glory hide,
And bring officious Plagues to check her Pride.

PALE Famine, with her meagre Train, shall come,
Grief shall prelude, and Death compleat her Doom ;
And Fire in rapid Ruin run abroad,
And own the Pow'r and Justice of her God.
When seen from far, her Flames the Smoke shall show,
Down royal Cheeks the ready Tears shall flow,
Who once polluted in her Pleasures liv'd ;
At once of her, and ev'ry Joy depriv'd :
Distrest with Fear, at Distance they shall stand,
And see her growing Fires to Heav'n ascend.

GREAT *Babylon*, their trembling Tongues shall sound,
Mistress of Cities, where shalt thou be found ?

One

One Hour beheld thy pompous Buildings rise,
 And one thy final Burnings cloud the Skies :
 Nor shall the Merchants check their willing Fear,
 But mourn their Traffick lost in wild Despair.

USELESS the Gold now in their Coffers glows,
 Nor now the circling Stream of Silver flows ;
 Their Pearls no more attract the Buyers Eyes,
 Their Linnen white as Snow, nor Cloth of Purpl'd Dies.
 The Scarlet Stain tempts for a Robe no more,
 Nor Silk in varied flow'ry Pride is wore.
 Neglected now is seen the costly *Thyine*,
 Nor blushes in the Ivory Bowl the Wine.
 Vessels of precious Wood, and polish'd Brass,
 With Iron neatly wrought, to Ruin pass ;
 And mould'ring Marble joins the general Mass.
Arabian Spices breathe their Sweets in vain ;
 Nor white from wheaten Spoils shall Flour refine.
 Unpluck'd, the Olive rots upon the Bough,
 Neglected Cattle thro' the Meadows low ;
 The golden Harvest withers on the Glebes,
 Nor ravish'd from the Lawns are woolly Tribes :
 Horses, now undemanded, rove around,
 Nor Chariots rattle o'er the flying Ground :
 Nor Statues of the Saints, nor Slaves are sold ;
 Nor Souls of Men commuted into Gold.
 Her Pomp, and Luxury, and Heart's Desire
 The City sees in cruel Flames aspire :

Banish'd,

Banish'd, as flies the Smoke before the Flame,
And ev'ry Glory lost as in a Dream.

FAR distant, shall the wealthy Merchants wail,
Lest fierce on them the shooting Flakes should fall ;
Mix'd with their Tears their fault'ring Words shall flow ;
Ah ! once too lofty City, now too low ;
Ah, what avail'd thy gorgeous purplous Vest,
Thy Scarlet all with rich Embroid'ry grac'd,
Thy Pomp of Gold, thy Jewels glitt'ring gay ;
Convey'd on rapid Wings of Fire away.

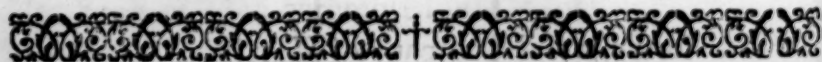
NOR will the Tears bedew their Cheeks alone,
But ev'ry Sailor shall augment the Moan ;
And all who guide, and all who tend the Ship,
And all who haunt the liquid Paths, shall weep,
As the big Smoke heaves up the black'ning Clouds,
Hangs o'er the ruddy Blaze, and on the Welkin crowds.
Sure, ne'er before, th' astonish'd Tribes shall say,
So great a City perish'd from the Day !
(Dust hides their Heads, their Cheeks are worn with Tears,
Groans heave their Breasts, and ev'ry Heart despairs.)
Ah ! sunk, for ever sunk, no more to rise,
Great *Babylon* has left our longing Eyes ;
Supreme in Wealth, what Treasures from her flow'd,
On all that try'd the Dangers of the Flood ?

NOT so the joyful Company of Heav'n,
Wide thro' the sacred Realms their Praise was giv'n :

Let

Let sprightly Musick warble on each Lyre,
Ye Prophets and Apostles swell the Quire ;
For GOD in Vengeance has return'd the Wrong
On those, whose Ruin well deserves your Song.

THEN from an Angel's Hand was swiftly thrown,
With shadowy Descent, a mighty Stone ;
Wide on the wavy Surface of the Flood,
Which drove impetuous down the yielding Road ;
Then spoke ; Thus sudden, with a hideous Crush,
Great *Babylon* shall to it's Ruin rush ;
Sunk in the Whirlpool of devouring Time,
Nor rise for ever from the swallowing Stream.
Nor shall thy wiery Harps to Musick bend,
Nor the soft Flute in gentler Airs ascend ;
Nor Trumpet wind it's undulating Way,
Nor cunning Artists labour thro' the Day ;
Nor driving Waters whirl the Stone ^{about} around,
By which their necessary Food is ground :
Nor Candles thro' the lighted Windows glow,
Nor Hand in Hand the Bride and Bridegroom go.
For impious Princes bro't to Thee their Store,
And Nations groan'd beneath thy magick Pow'r :
The Blood of Saints and Martyrs stains their Hands ;
And Persecution to thy Centre tends.



C H A P. XIX.

W O the soft Pow'r of Musick tun'd the Skies,
N O From ev'ry Tongue the wafting Praises rise ;
T O G O D supream, the Source of saving Light,
 Whose Glory shines insufferably bright :
 Whom royal Robes of Majesty invest,
 And on a Throne of Justice sits confest :
 Whose Truth, with clear and everlasting Rays,
 Dispels the Darkness that surrounds his Ways.
 He flung the flaming Light'nings from His Arm,
 Down on the Seat of ev'ry filthy Charm ;
 Whose guilty Streets were stain'd with righteous Blood ;
 Whose endless Burnings raise an endless Cloud.

W R A P T in the Blazes of the F A T H E R ' s Throne,
 The Beasts and Elders fell in Worship down ;
 And pour'd their breathing Hallelujahs round,
 The Throne deliver'd a responsive Sound ;
 Awak'd the Choirs of all the joyful Skies !
 While ev'ry Saint in Heav'n and Earth replies.
 Strait, all resistless, on my raptur'd Ears,
 Descends the general Consort of the Spheres ;
 As breaking Billows rolling on the Shore,
 Or downward Terrors, which impetuous roar,
 Or Thunders bursting thro' the shaking Skie,
 Thus rush'd the Spirit of loud Harmony :
 Let Hallelujahs melt in ev'ry Strain,
 The Great OMNIPOTENT asserts his Reign ;

The GOD, who reigns unrival'd, and alone,
And on Eternity erects his Throne.
Let Festal Pleasures ev'ry Breast expand,
And tuneful Praises from each Heart ascend :
In varied Sounds the solemn Anthems rise,
And hail the Bridegroom-Sov'reign of the Skies.
The Marriage-Day on golden Hours arrives,
The Bride is ready, and the King receives.

THEN with a Vesture dipt in snowy Light
The Bride attracted ev'ry circling Sight ;
Th' immortal Raiment, by the *Saviour* bought,
Wash'd in His Blood, and by His Spirit wrought,
Now casts a Circle of distinguish'd Beams,
And on each righteous Soul for ever streams.

O Prophet, rapt to visionary Scenes,
And conscious of the Pleasures of these Plains,
Let all my Sayings, said my Heav'nly Guide,
Live in your Volume, never to be hid.
For ever blest, who leaves the World below,
It's tasteless Banquets, and it's fading Show,
The mystick LAMB in holy Marriage joins,
Feasts on His Love, and in His Glory shines ;
Regales his Appetite with living Food,
Prepar'd to grace the Supper of a GOD :
While endless Ages fleet on golden Wings,
He tastes of new and unexhausted Springs.

AGAIN, the sparkling, gay Immortal said,
Fix'd on Eternal Truth my Words are laid ;

Divinely

Divinely struck, my Bosom prest his Feet,
And on my Tongue the ready Praises wait.

HORROR, if such could seize a spotless Mind,
Had seiz'd him then ; when thus reply'd my Friend ;
Not as a GOD, but Witness to the LAMB
I spoke, who but your Fellow-Servant am :
My Glories point to an Eternal Light,
To GOD your Praises are directed right.
Thro' the dark Pages of your mystick Lines,
The Spirit breaths, the Truth of JESUS shines.

THE sparkling Gates unfolding from the Skies,
Sublimar Scenes and gayer Prospects rise :
A Steed celestial, of unspotted White,
Adorn'd the Front of Heav'n's distinguish'd Light ;
His Rider bore the Tokens of a GOD,
And led an Army thro' th' Etherial Road :
Whose Truth thro' all Successions never fails ;
And Justice weighs his Wars in even Scales.
But the keen Glories of his flaming Eyes
Not Light'nings rival, glancing thro' the Skies ;
Nor Stars which twinkle in the Sapphire Plain,
Nor Virgin-Light with all it's golden Train.
Crowns rise upon His Head in many a Row,
Whose golden Circles thick with Jewels glow.

HIS Name was wrote, which none but he explains,
And his dipt Raiment blusht with crimson Stains.
Him, Men and Angels call the *Word of GOD*,
And Heav'n in all it's Armies round Him flow'd ;

Their Horses white, Etherial Vigour fill'd,
 Their Linnen Raiment gleam'd upon the Field.
 A Sword of Heav'nly Temper, blazing bright,
 Shot from His Mouth it's ever-waving Light ;
 On it's smooth slippery Surface slid it's Rays,
 From the keen Point divirg'd, and widen'd in a Blaze.
 If once he waves the Edge on either Side,
 Dividing Nations and the State subside.
 Ye bending Tribes, revere His Iron Rod
 Who, dreadful, treads the Wine-press of a God ;
 Where the fierce Fury of His FATHER's Ire
 Heightens the Rage of everlasting Fire :
 His Thigh and Vesture blazon'd with these Words,
The KING of Kings, and LORD of subject Lords.

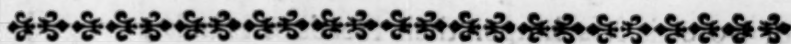
THEN, where th' Imperial Sun sublimely rode,
 An Angel, darkning all it's Glory, stood.
 His Voice was strong, and bid the Fowls prepare
 To row with Wings thro' finer Seas of Air ;
 In Flocks, descending on the shaded Plain,
 To pluck the livid Flesh of Millions slain,
 Nor spare the Small, nor Great, nor Kings, nor Slaves ;
 Be you of mighty Chiefs the living Graves.
 And faithful sink the Range of Death around,
 'Till their disjointed Bones, wide-spread, deform the
 Ground.

THE Beast, and Kings, with hostile Swarms I view'd,
 And Hills and Plains were blacken'd with the Crowd ;
 The Sons of GOD with impious Rage they dare,
 But soon His Sword swept down the Field of War.

The Beast, and Captive-Prophet, bound in Chains,
Were thrown to rave in everlasting Pains:

Where with pale Light the livid Brimstone gleams,
And rides the Lake with unextinguish'd Flames.

The hungry Birds upon the rest were fed,
And pluck'd the mangled Ruins of the Dead.



C H A P. XX.

NOW thro' the Skies, enlight'ning Worlds along,

N From Heav'n's imperial Height an Angel sprung;

N Around his Bosom wound a flaming Zone,

From which the Key of Hell depended down:

In massy Links, an adamantine Chain

Hung from his Hand, and shadow'd on the Plain.

The Fiend, who holds the Tyranny of Hell,

Sunk from the Sight, and at his Terrors fell:

Seiz'd by his Hand, the circling Chain was cast

In close Embraces round his tortur'd Waste,

And flung impetuous like a flaming Ball;

Hell's hallow Vaults resounded to his Fall:

Then o'er the crimson Arch the Doors were thrown,

And lock'd, and seal'd with an enormous Stone.

Here, Day and Night, a thousand painful Years,

The fiery Dragon rages and Despairs:

Nor Snares unseen the wily Serpent spreads,

Nor ruin'd Nations all in Triumph leads.

Again, immerg'd on Day's detested Glare,

His soon expiring Empire shall appear.

Now Thrones, and sitting on those Thrones were seen,
 The Souls of martyr'd Saints, for JESUS slain ;
 From whose divided Necks the Crimfon flow'd,
 Who never once deny'd the Word of GOD ;
 Nor bent in Worship to the Monster-Beast,
 Nor to his Image Blasphemies addrest,
 Nor wore his Mark upon their Heads or Hands ;
 A thousand Years their happy Reign extends,
 Begun with JESUS, and with JESUS ends.

NOR did the rest forsake the Seats of Death,
 Inspir'd to Motion by His quick'ning Breath,
 'Till all the Series of the golden Days,
 Was roll'd away in Extacies of Praise.
 These first shall hear the renovating Call,
 Before the ratt'ling Trumpet shakes the Ball.
 For ever holy, and for ever blest,
 Whose rising Dust obeys the former Blast :
 In vain the second Death wou'd urge its Sting,
 And all it's Train of endless Tortures bring :
 As Priests to GOD and JESUS shall they bend,
 Nor, 'till a thousand Years, their Empire end.

THEN, when the Years, in radiant Circles roll'd,
 Shall end the happy Ages mark'd with Gold,
 Satan shall rise in Vigour from his Chain,
 And widen thro' the World his wily Reign.
 In ev'ry Corner where the Winds perspire,
 Shall *Gog* and *Magog* rouse to martial Fire ;
 While Numbers like the Sands which bind the Sca,
 Shall crowd his Camp, and to his Banners fly.

LEGIONS

LEGIONS collected, soon wide-spread the Ground,
 And, hov'ring o'er the Camp, the Saints surround ;
 Circling the City with their threat'ning Arms,
 'Till Heav'n is blacken'd with impending Storms ;
 And Light'nings with resistless Ardours play,
 To burn the blasted Armies all away.
 Then he, who led the vanquish'd Nations on,
 Shall sink in Lakes of boiling Brimstone thrown ;
 Where Fire, triumphant, revels on the Road,
 And rears, and reddens all the flaming Flood ;
 Where, Day and Night, the Beast and Prophet dwell,
 And stimulating Fires forever feel :
 Nor rests their Smoak, but leaves the shooting Flame,
 And hides their Tortures with a sable Steam.

AND now in final Majesty appear'd
 The SON of GOD, on Clouds His Throne was rear'd ;
 Where, deck'd with finer Rays, in blended Beams,
 Are shot the Fires of unextinguish'd Gems.
 Swift roll'd the Stars, and open'd from His Face,
 And, flying, vanish'd in the boundless Space.
 Wild, from it's Orbit ran the frightened Globe,
 And lay conceal'd in Night's eternal Robe :
 Nor piercing Eyes of Men, nor Angels saw
 Where hung the Earth, or Stars were wont to glow.
 The cloister'd Dead the reaching Trumpet hear,
 Circling they swell, and widen thro' the Air ;
 And Great and Small were undistinguish'd there.

THE Book of *Life* unfolds it's shining Leaves,
 And these to Ruin writes, and those it saves :

Their Deeds of Vice or Vertue, here below,
 Or plead for Crowns, or everlasting Woe.
 Then all the Dead from Depth of azure Seas,
 Pierc'd thro' the Floods, and pour'd upon the Skies,
 Death sees his Subjects leave his gloomy Reign,
 And burst the sweating Vaults, and heave upon the Plain;
 And every rising Limb and Atom press
 In near Directions to their proper Place:
 Destin'd to Lakes of Fire, or Scenes of Bliss,
 Down sink the Bad, the Good assert the Skies.
 Death and the Grave eternally retire,
 And all their Empire sinks in endless Fire.
 Victorious now, the second Death survives,
 Which lives in Tortures, and but dying lives;
 And all within the Book of Life unseen,
 Were doom'd to Seats of unremitting Pain:
 And driving Angels, unrelenting, urge
 Reluctant Millions on the fiery Surge.



C H A P. XXI.

NOW kindled, on the vacant Fields of Space,
 New shining Worlds, and Heav'n renew'd
 its Face;
 Earth circling smooth without an Ocean rose,
 With Hills unwrinkled and unclouded Brows.
 The sacred City, model'd in the Sky,
 Shot in a Trail of Glory from on high;
 'Till resting on the floating Fields of Air,
 Drest like a Bride, it shone divinely fair,

Then

Then a loud Voice a sacred Seraph sent,
Which rang thro' all th' extended Firmament.
A GOD, a GOD ! to dwell with Men descends,
See, where his sparkling Tent sublimely stands !
His Nation shall th' imperial City hold,
And GOD shall lead them thro' the Streets of Gold ;
Wipe ev'ry Tear from ev'ry flowing Eye,
And Death shall from His Courts for ever fly :
And pensive Moans, and silent Grief and Pain,
And toilsome Labour, Sin's detested Train ;
For ev'ry former shady Scene is fled,
And Light, eternal, lifts it's cheerful Head.

THEN spoke th' almighty SIRE of endless Days,
Who sits enthron'd in Light's severest Blaze ;
My forming Word shall ev'ry Thing renew,
And let your Pen proclaim my Sayings true.
All Things to a Conclusion swiftly tend,
But, ne'er begun, My Years can never end :
The *Alpha* I, who spoke the Birth of Things,
And the *Omega* who their Period brings.
With Me the Fount of Life for ever flows,
Which to the panting Soul My Hand bestows :
The Crowns are Mine, which grace the Victor's Brows. }
My ample Kingdoms wait to own his Reign,
And Heav'nly Riches glitter for his Train :
With Me, a Son, the happy Saint shall live,
And all the Favours of a GOD receive.
But, who deny, or fear to own My Cause,
Who trample with disdainful Feet My Laws,

And

And ev'ry vile Abomination boast,
Or stain'd with Murder, or in Lewdness lost ;
Enchantments use, or Images adore,
With ev'ry Liar, shall My Wrath explore,
And send to Lakes where Fire and Brimstone dwell,
And all the Torments of an endless Hell ;
Where dying Souls shall living Tortures feel.

THEN, beckening, spoke an Angel of the Sev'n,
Who held the Vials of the Wrath of Heav'n ;
Approach, and view, magnificently drest,
The *Wife* of JESUS in her Bridal Vest.
Then, where a Mountain rears its cloudless Brow,
Where Snows can never rise, or Tempests blow ;
An Angel took me to its towery Height,
Where all the *City* hung before my Sight :
Descended from the Seat of God it shone,
With all the Sister-Glories of His Throne.
Its Light was such as precious Jewels wear,
Or *Jasper* yields, as Heav'n's Expansion clear.
Wide rose its Walls, and twelve its towery Gates,
On which as many Angels took their Seats :
And all the Names of *Israel's* Tribes were told
In golden Letters o'er each sparkling Fold.
Three Gates were open'd to the rising Sun,
And three reflect his Beams when going down ;
Three to the frozen North expand their Leaves,
And a fourth Side the Blaze of Noon receives.
On twelve Foundations lean the pondrous Walls,
And each Foundation an Apostle tells.

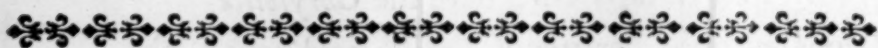
AN Angel held a golden Reed on high,
 Its Streets to measure, and its Gates to try :
 Square was the Figure of th' Etherial Frame,
 Its Length, and Breadth, and heaving Height the same.
 The travelling Reed a thousand Furlongs went
 On ev'ry Side, to measure its Extent :
 A hundred Cubits past, and forty four,
 Across the Wall, its Wideness did explore.
 Of *Jasper* was the Wall sublimely rais'd,
 And with a thousand Lights, promiscuous, blaz'd :
 The City in a golden Fabrick rose,
 And like a polish'd Glass its Surface glows :
 On twelve Celestial Gems, of brilliant Light,
 With various Colours, and Refractions bright,
 The noble Structure tow'r'd, and blaz'd upon the Sight.

HERE lay the *Jasper*, clear as Crystal, there
 A *Sapphire* like the Curtain of the Sphere.
 An *Emerald*, waving with its Ocean-green,
 Was next the fiery *Chalcedony* seen.
 Here the *Sardonyx* throws its blushing Rays,
 The *Sardius* there a sanguine Stain displays :
 With Gold transparent, here the *Chrysolite*
 Blends with the beauteous *Beril's* verd'rous Light.
 The *Topaz*, trembling with a yellowish Gleam,
 Tempers the *Chrysophrasus'* golden Flame.
 Dipt in deep Dye the Purple *Jacinth* shines,
 Whilst inter-mingling mild, in semblant Stains
 And fainter Tinge, the *Amethyst* combines.

Thus,

Thus, ever borrowing and reflecting Rays,
The Gems all round the glitt'ring Basis blaze.

THE Gates were solid *Pearl*, the Streets of Gold,
Clear like a polish'd Mirror to behold :
Nor Temples here affect the neighb'ring Skies,
Nor Clouds of Incense fume in Sacrifice ;
For here the Mighty God of Temples dwells,
And all the *Lamb* the conscious Spirit feels.
Nor measures here the Sun the golden Day,
Nor gives the Queen of Night her Silver Ray ;
For GOD and CHRIST are here, to Whom their Light
Is darker, than to them, the deepest Night.
Here Nations sav'd from Death shall walk and shine,
And Kings their Treasures bring, and Glories join.
Nor War shall shut her Gates, nor Night invade
Her bright Dominions with its banish'd Shade :
But every Glory ev'ry Tribe shall bring,
And all her Praises ev'ry Song shall sing.
And not a filthy Soul shall stain its Court,
And not a Liar to its Joys resort ;
Nor Sin in any Form : but righteous Men,
Whom JESUS only destins for His Reign.



C H A P. XXII.

THE Confort Angel, my Celestial Guide,
T Shew'd the bright Flood where Silver Waters
glide,
Thro' all the spacious Streets in living Streams,
Deep in whose Bosom Heav'n, impending, gleams ;
Like

Like the clear Mirror of the bending Sky,
 Pure and serene, it glisten'd on the Eye.
 Nor rough with Winds, nor stain'd with dark'ning Spots,
 Along from Heav'n's Imperial Throne it floats ;
 Where sits th' Eternal SIRE: and filial LAMB,
 And Life Eternal rolls within the Stream.

WITHIN the sacred Street, Majestick stood
 The Tree of Life, and painted all the Flood ;
 On either Side the Tree distends its Boughs,
 Boughs on each Side the Crystal Current shows :
 Twelve diff'rent Fruits upon its Branches hung,
 And ev'ry Month the Heav'nly Fruitage sprung.
 To Nations, plac'd beneath the fragrant Shade,
 Celestial Health the Leaves for ever shed ;
 Nor Curses here can blast the beauteous Place,
 For here the Throne of GOD and JESUS blaze.
 Here all His Servants bow for ever low,
 And from consenting Tongues the Praises flow ;
 His Face they see, His Name their Foreheads show. }

NOR here the Tyrant Night expells the Day,
 Nor mimick Tapers cast a feeble Ray ;
 Nor walks the Sun thro' Heav'n's enlightned Bow'r,
 But Light from GOD darts a diviner Show'r :
 Lends purer Rays to Kings that worship round,
 Brightens their Gems, and blazes o'er the Ground.

MY Words, the Seraph said, their Truth will show,
 When Nature staggers at her final Blow ;
 The Lord, the GOD, from whence the Prophets drew
 Their mystick Flame, has sent His Angel true,

To shew His Saints the Scenes of coming Things,
Which Time will quickly speed upon its Wings.
Behold, I quickly come, the *Saviour* says ;
His Chariot seems to sound, His Light'nings blaze :
Happy, who hears the Sayings of this Book,
Whose piercing Eye the darker Pages look.

RAPT, in a Maze, I view'd the Visions bright,
And heard the holy Words with vast Delight.
Religion enter'd thro' my gazing Eyes,
Rush'd thro' my Ears, and threw me on my Knees,
To worship him who so divinely glow'd ;
Loft in his Glory, at his Feet I bow'd :
But soon, with awful Light'ning in his Face,
Forbear your Rites, th' Illustrious Seraph says.
Tho' circled now with these distinguish'd Beams,
My Glory from th' Eternal Fountain streams ;
He light my Soul with this prophetick Ray,
On rapid Wings His Orders I obey.
Your mystick Book employs my guardian Care,
I keep its Dictates, and its Visions clear ;
To GOD, the GOD of Angels give your Pray'rs ;
The sure Supreme, that rear'd the sparkling Stars.

NOR let your Volume feel the closing Seal,
For rapid Time will all its Words reveal.
Then, when the varied Scene of Things is clos'd,
Too late will keen Remorse and Penitence be rous'd :
Th' Unjust will fruitless wail his wicked Gains,
Th' Impure his deep, unexpiated Stains ;

But

But holy Justice will exalt its Head,
 Its Vesture clear, in Brightness be display'd :
 Unblemish'd Sanctity shall all increase,
 And blaze distinguish'd o'er the Fields of Bliss.

BEHOLD ! I come, Majestick solemn Sounds
 Prepare My Way, My burning Chariot bounds ;
 The melting Skies are kindled at My Look,
 The Vallies quiver, and the Mountains smoke :
 With ev'ry Man his following Works ascend,
 To meet My Judgment, and decide his End.
 Here Hell's tremendous Pit unwearied glows,
 There the bright Day of Heav'n, descending, flows :
 The *Alpha* and *Omega*, First and Last,
 Before My Word the springing Worlds were rais'd ;
 And fading Nature withers at My Blast. }
 Happy, whom conscious Innocence inspires,
 True to My Laws, he dares abide My Fires ;
 While Worlds shall glow around his Title clear,
 The Tree of Life shall be his endless Chear :
 For him the City spreads its pearly Leaves,
 And to its golden Streets his Pomp receives.
 But wicked Men shall howl with Dogs obscene,
 Without the Gates, and never enter in :
 The Spirit spotted with lascivious Guilt,
 The Hands all stain'd with Blood by Murder spilt ;
 The vile Inchanter, who solicits Hell,
 Or hated Men who burn with Idol-Zeal :
 Who impiously have forg'd or publish'd Lies,
 And love Deceit, and live by Artifice.

I, JESUS,

I, JESUS, send Mine Angel to record,
 My final Witness, and My faithful Word,
 To all the Churches of succeeding Years ;
 This great, this mysttick Legacy is theirs :
 A Branch from *David*, yet his Root divine,
 Bright thro' the Skies, a Morning *Star* I shine.
 The Spirit calls, the bridal Church invites,
 Attend, My Nations, to sublime Delights ;
 Where living Water flows for thirsty Souls,
 And from the Throne of GOD divinely rolls :
 A Torrent full, and free for ev'ry Taste,
 Which ever pleases, and can never waste.

YE, circling Tribes, My solemn Words attend,
 To whom the mysttick Pages shall ascend.
 Who shall invent, and join fictitious Things
 To what from sacred Inspiration springs,
 The written Plagues, thro' all the Book display'd,
 Shall burst in Vengeance on his guilty Head.
 Or who shall blot, or alter what is writ,
 His Name, eras'd from Heav'n, shall perish quite :
 Nor flame the City's golden Streets for him,
 Nor the fair Visions of the Volume gleam.

BEHOLD ! He comes, and blazing from on high,
 His rapid Chariot burns along the Sky ;
 Expiring Time prepares His pompous Way.
 Come, JESUS, rush in Floods of keener Day :
 Let Grace in ev'ry Breast begin Thy Reign,
 And blisful Nations raise the loud AMEN.

